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THE SECRET.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD, Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

- A murmur of laughing waters Waere the lily-blossoms rock In the cool and shady eddies Where the ripples interlock.
- And close by the shore two lovers, But no words of love they say, Yet the prying breeze discovers What they're thinking of to-day.
- Ah! foolish and fond young maiden, Ah! lover with soulful eyes, Your smiles and your looks are laden With the wealth of love's argosies.
- The waters read your secret, And the breezes whisper it o'er To the robin whose nest is hidden In the willow by the shore.
- And the wild-bee tells to the clover
 The secret so strange and sweet,
 And the humming birds whisper it over
 In the wood-nymph's cool retreat.
- Oh, lovers, bright as the day is May your future always be, But no longer hide as a secret The love which is plain to see!

The Scarlet Captain:

The Prisoner of the Tower A STORY OF HEROISM.

BY COL. DELLE SARA, AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE LEGION," "THE PRIDE OF BAYOU SARA," "SILVER SAM," ETC.

> CHAPTER I. THE FALSE SON OF A TRUE RACE.

"He stood alone—a renegade
Against the country he betrayed."
—Byron,

By the blue waters of the far-famed Adriatic Sea, lies Dulcigno's town; a small village only, yet boasting as strong a tower as can be found from Otranto's strait to the Gulf of Venice.

Right on the border-land between Montenegro and Albania the town is situated, and at time of which we write, the sur 1876, it was the scene of bustle and confusion.

Nominally subject to Turkey, yet in reality almost independent in their mountain fast es, the stirring events which were shaking the Moslem empire to its very center-the de thronement and death—assassination, to speak plainly-of one sultan, and the ascent to the blood-stained chair of state of another, affected the hardy mountaineers of Montenegro but little; yet when the new ruler of the old Ottoman empire talked blandly of reform and of equal rights to all his subjects, be they followers of the Prophet or Christians, but at the same time began to mass an army in the Christian provinces, signs of open revolt appeared.

With the army came the tax-gatherers, and the Turks talked loudly of the tribute due to the new sultan.

All the mountain land was inflamed; the spark of war might be lighted at any mom The town of Dulcigno had been selected by the Turks as the head-quarters of a powerful force.

It was plain that the insolent Moslems intended by this display of guns to awe the stubborn mountaineers into submission. From Dulcigno the Turkish host threatened

the very heart of Montenegro. And now, having thus briefly depicted the stormy aspect of the times, we will proceed at once to our story

A short half-mile from the town, northward, by the shore of the rock-bound coast, the strong tower of Dulcigno reared its gray walls, keeping watch and ward over land and sea.

Half-way between the tower and the town was a small inn, which displayed as its sign the grinning head of a large black bear. To all the travelers who journeyed along the

winding way, following the shore of the sounding sea from Dulcigno to Antivari and Cattaro e inn of the Black Bear's Head was well known, being noted for its good cheer.

The shades of night were falling fast over rocky defile, sandy shore and ever-rolling

Three men sat at a table, placed under huge cork tree, a short distance from the ancient Three men as unlike each other as they pos-

sibly could be! The first was a tall, flerce-eyed, sullen-faced person of forty, dressed, apparently, in a Turkish garb, for little of his costume could be seen, as he was closely enveloped in one of the peculiar garments common to the Albanians, a huge woolly mantle, made of horsehair, with a cape attached, and termed a

capote. The second was a short, thick-set man, gross in face and form. He was dressed in the loose, baggy uniform, which the Turks borrowed from their allies, the French, at the time of the Crimean war. He had red hair, cropped tight to his head, huge red whiskers, and the little eyes which twinkled above his fat cheeks were as blue as the waters of the smiling Adriatic.

A chief of note was this personage in the Moslem host. He commanded a division of Bashi Bazouks, as the irregular cavalry of the Turks is termed, and the camel-driver Prophet, great Mahomet, never had a more ardent worshiper



A pretty, bright-eyed girl from the inn answered the summons.

in public-than the stout soldier, Oflan Agan, as the warrior was termed.

But, surely, no Turk ever wore such a grin; no turbaned believer ever had such a capacity for strong liquor.

Write the name again then: O'Flanagan, Phelim O'Flanagan as he was christened, years by old Father O Toole, the parish priest of Ballingary, county Munster.

As a private soldier during the Crimean war O'Flanagan had marched away from his na-At the end of the strife he had accepted the liberal offers made by the Turks to induce Europeans to enter their service, and now, behold him after the lapse of years, transformed into a follower of the Prophet, his Celtic name transmogrified, he himself wedded to six wives, but in reality the same blundering, warm-hearted son of Erin as in the old days, when a strong arm, a stout heart and a "purty black-thorn sthick" had comprised his earth-

The third one of the three was a little, wirylooking fellow, habited in the Turkish uniform, and bearing the emblems which showed that he held the rank of colonel. He was called Hassan El Moola.

Although it is one of the articles of the Moslem creed that true believers shall not indulge in the juice of the grape, yet a bottle of the thin, native Albanian wine was before the three men and they were doing ample justice to it, the Irish-Turk, Oflan Agan, particularly. The three had met evidently by appoint-

A few hearty drafts of the wine taken, the conversation began. "Well, and how goes everything?" asked the tall man, whose name we have not yet given,

but who was evidently the master-spirit of the "I for one have obeyed your orders to the letter," Hassan answered. "My regiment is in possession of the tower and I have dili-gently strengthened the defenses so that I feel

confident I can hold it against ten thousand men. 'Be the bones of St. Patrick!" cried the Irish-Turk, vociferously, but his speech tinged with the "sweet brogue" native to the South of Ireland, which neither time nor toil had served to diminish in the least, "but it's meself

that has done exactly as ye bid! My division is posted jist this side of the Pass of Doura, an' some me b'yes-wilder divils the woruld never saw!-have discovered a goat-track over the mountains, so that if the rapscallions get wind of our design and attempt to hould the pass ag'in' us we can flank them by means of the goat-track an' come down on their rear an' then bag the lot of them. "Excellent!" the tall, dark man exclaimed.

"All is as I could wish then, and to-night my plan culminates. His two companions looked inquiringly at

their leader. It was plain that they were not in his confidence He noticed the took and understood the tenor

of the questions which they wished to ask. "Before midnight you shall know all," he said. "I am playing for a great stake and I have left no means untried to win. Hassan, is the suit of apartments in the tower prepared, for the lady?

"She will come as night thickens. Even now she is detained at the outpost by my orders under pretense that her passports are not correct. I do not wish her to see where she is ing a gold-piece upon the table. going until it is too late for her to retreat."

"Yes, else why should I take all this trouble? The lands of Scutari lie between us The m and Montenegro; bold and warlike mountaineers are these Scutari men, and whether they of my plans. If I succeed, the way lies open into the very heart of Montenegro. I know enter into a flirtation with the handsome felthese mountain men well. I am of their race, although I have forsworn my kin and clim and become a renegade, a man without a country. Come! the night draws on. Catherine, the fairest woman that ever breathed this mountain air, will soon be here. We must to not half so bad as Oflan Agan's rascals."

the tower to receive her." The three paid their score, mounted their

CHAPTER II.

THE AMERICAN AND THE UNKNOWN.

HARDLY had the figures of the three persons disappeared in the distance when mounted man came up the road from the town. A tall, handsome fellow this time, evidently mountaineer, for he was dressed after the Albanian fashion. A scarlet velvet jacket and vest, richly trimmed: a kilt-like skirt reaching to the knee, confined at the waist by a scarf of many hues, through the folds of which a pair of silver-mounted revolvers were thrust. muscular legs of the stranger were protected by leggins of velvet cloth, held in their place greaves of metal. Upon his head he wore the national head-dress of the mountaineer, scarlet skull-cap, around which a light shawl was twisted, turban fashion, and hanging from his shoulders was the ever-common horse-hair mantle, the capote. In addition to the pistols, a saber was buckled to his side

A fine specimen of the hardy Montenegrean mountaineer was the horseman, with his long, oval face, fringed by flowing locks of darkbrown bair; his eyes deep hazel in hue, and bold and true in their expression. After the fashion of the mountain men, his beard was closely shaven, but he retained the mustache, the silken ends of which half hid his firm, reso

The man was young, not yet thirty; but in his calm, thoughtful face could be read a reso lution and wisdom seldom gifted to one of his

As he rode slowly up to the door of the inn, the eyes of the horseman were fixed upon the outlines of Dulcigno tower, rising dim and threateningly in the distance. What is the meaning of all these warlike

preparations?" he muttered, communing with "and why have they taken so much pains to fortify the old tower? Ismail Bev. too, the red-handed slaughterer, is here in person, and his presence always means mischief. Yon tower holds a secret which must be mine before the rising of another sun.

The horseman dismounted, scated himself at the table under the oak tree, and rapped upon it. A pretty, bright-eyed girl from the inn answered the sumn

"A bottle of wine," said the horseman, toss-

"An' is it fair, general dear, to ax who is a curtsey and a coquettish smile, retreating to the lady?" questioned the Irishman, anxious the inn again. It was plain that the lass was an arrant flirt.

"Catherine Belina, Countess of Scutari!"

"Bedad! ye fly at high game!" the Irishman exclaimed.

"The stranger laughed to himself; despite his sober face, he had an eye for a pretty woman.

"The girl may afford me some information,"

The maid returned with the wine and a drinking-glass, and also the change for the

join hands with Nicholas of Montenegro, or ally themselves with us, depends upon the result I mistake not," the stranger half queried.

"Yes, sir," replied the girl, quite willing to "Garrisoned now, I believe, by Turkish

Yes, sir; the Bashi Bazouks of Hassan El Moola; terrible fellows they are, too, sir, but

And just at this point the conversation was suddenly interrupted.

Forth from the inn came a young, dashy looking fellow; no Turk or Albanian, nor yet a Muscovite, but an unmistakable Anglo-Saxon, booted and spurred, and dressed in a rough traveling costume; well armed, too, revolvers and saber and a repeating rifle slung across his

"I thought that I could not be mistaken!" he exclaimed, advancing straight to the horseman with outstretched hands; "although I might have expected to meet you somewhere in this region, yet I did not think that I should so soon have the pleasure."

"Ah, you remember me!" quoth the horse man, hastily, and with a warning look in his Oh, yes, your-

"Captain!" cried the stranger, quickly. "I have been promoted since we met in Paris." "Yes! I am glad to hear of it."

The girl, understanding that her pres vas no longer required, discreetly withdrew. leaving the two friends, for such in truth they were, to converse without restraiut.

Robert Lauderdale, the new-comer was called; a son of the great western republic, far across the rolling waters, a native of the State of Mississippi, and a brave and able officer of the Confederate army during the war of the

Six months previous to the time of which we write, at the Grand Hotel in Paris he had made the acquaintance of the horseman. Both being about the same age, with tastes in com-

mon, the two had become quite intimate.
"The times are troublous now, and I am on Turkish soil," the horseman explained. was afraid lest, unconsciously, you might betray me. The Bashi Bazouks would not be apt to show me much mercy. 'Is war then declared!"

'Not yet, but it is liable to be at any mo-

'You intend to take a part in the struggle?" "Am I not a soldier of fortune?" demanded the American. "An exile from my own land, I hope to win fame and wealth here in the old

The Turk pays well, and European officers are in demand," the horseman observed quietly.
"No Turk buys my sword!" Lauderdale cried, quickly. "The Christian mountaineers of Montenegro shall be my comrades. The son of a free soil, I sympathize with the men who struggle for liberty against a tyrant!"

The stranger quietly extended his hand, Yes, sir, immediately," said the maid, with | which the American clasped warmly.

"You shall have my influence if it can serve you," the horseman said. "Your influence must be all powerful,

"Captain!" exclaimed the horseman, warn-gly. "You must not forget; I am only a imple captain."
"Yes, but Captain what? Suppose I were

"Well, Captain anything-Captain Scarlet if you like," responded the other, with a smile, glancing at his attire as he spoke, the prevail-

ing hue of which was scarlet. Yes; Captain Scarlet or Scarlet Captain, eh? like a romance of the olden time; and then, as a partisan leader—the role which I presume you will play here—you will need another title, something striking. Suppose we say the Slasher of Scutari, as I presume the

field of your operations will be on the Montenegrean side of Lake Scutari." The title will answer admirably!" the Capain-for so in future we will term the horseman-replied, laughing.

We'll drink success to the Scarlet Cap-A stray glass had been left upon the table;

gayly they quaffed the thin wine.
"Is yonder gray castle the tower of Duligno?" Lauderdale asked, his eyes falling upon he ancient keep.

The Captain nodded. "The very place I was in search of! Before nidnight that tower will hold two more preious jewels.

"Indeed? Explain." "A month ago, at Baden-Baden, I made the acquaintance of a most charming girl, Alexina Petrovitch by name, and foster-sister to Cathrine Belina, the Countess of Scutari. I also became acquainted with the countess at the same time, but, although she is a most beautiful girl, there is altogether too much of the grand dame about her to suit me. I am an adventurer, with nothing but my sword, for my ancestral acres, the old plantation in Mississippi, are so heavily incumbered that I count them as nothing. Alexina is an orphan, without fortune, so we are exactly suited to each other. My courtship was progressing splendidly, when the news came of the death of the old count, Catherine's father, and she was summoned home. My lady-love of course went with her, and I followed. I saw a chance to kill two birds with one stone—pursue my suit

with the charming Alexina and at the same time, being on the spot where the coming war was likely to transpire, I could take part in it."
"But what has the castle to do with these two ladies, for, as I understand, they are the

jewels to whom you have referred?" "Exactly. In the tower of Dulcigno the countess is to meet the executors of her father's estate. Through some misunderstanding the party is detained at one of the Turkish outposts, but I was assured by the officer in charge that they would reach the tower just after nightfall. It is necessary for me to gain entrance to the tower, for I must see Alexina; she has no idea that I am here." "I'll go with you!" the captain exclaimed, abruptly. "I am anxious to learn why the

Turks have taken so much pains to fortify the tower. "Capital! I can easily gain admittance: I

have scraped an acquaintance with a Bashi Bazouk leader, one Skipton Pasha, who has promised to aid me."

CHAPTER III.

THE WILL OF THE SCUTARI MEN.

In the old tower a suit of apartments had een fitted up with unusual care, and to them the Countess of Scutari and her foster-sister. the gentle Alexina, had been conducted immediately upon their arrival.

They had been at the Turkish outpost until about eight o'clock, and then, with a thousand apolegies for the delay, had been conducted traight to the tower. The countess, coming with all possible speed

upon learning of the death of her father, had ot staid for an escort, and was accompanied only by her foster-sister, two maids and the old priest, Father Ivan, who had brought the news of her parent's death. A collation was prepared for the party immediately upon their arrival and the countess

was informed that as soon as she had satisfied her hunger the executor of her father, the late Count Michael, would wait upon her. Catherine wondered somewhat that the strong

tower of Dulcigno, garrisoned by Turkish troops, should be selected by the representative of her father's people as the place of meeting-the more, too, that the old priest was totally unable to tell her who the party was.

The repast ended, the countess informed the chief servant, a swarthy-browed Turk, that she was prepared to give audience to the representative of the men of Scutari,

Behold the two girls, then, in the great room of the tower, waiting the approach of the mes-

Catherine Belina, Countess of Scutari, was as fair a woman as ever the Montenegrean sun had shone upon-tall and straight, a very queen in bearing, with great blue eyes, lus trous with ever-varying light; a face, pure Greek in its outline and as superbly modeled as though Dame Nature, jealous of the antique statues of the olden-time sculptors, had resolved, in this daughter of a modern age, to show how far living beauty could put to blush the perfection and trick of art.

One fault alone in the face—the proud and haughty expression which was ever written

Descended from one of the oldest families in Europe—boasting blood purer and more noble than the life-stream circling within the veins of many a crowned monarch, it was little wonder that the beautiful girl, fair as Venus, should also be as proud as Juno.

Many a noble gentleman, great in the council of statesmen, or else boasting a brilliant military fame, had sought to win favor in the the Montenegrean countess, but one and all had failed.

No suitor yet, no matter how great his name, how eager his suit, could boast that he had ever caused the heart of Catherine Belina to thrill at his presence.

'I seek a hero-a master," she was wont to "no common mortal for me!"

Alexina, her foster-sister, on the contrary, was as gentle and as lively as Catherine was severe and grave. A laughing, black-eyed beauty, small in stature but plump as a partridge, round in face as an apple, sparkling with wit, ever gay, it was not strange that she had captivated the wandering fancy of the young American adventurer, Robert Lauder dale; and this fair child of the blue Adriatic loved the bold and dashing stranger from the far New World, across the briny seas, the man who frankly said that his sword was his wealth, and, like the knights of old, he would carve out a fortune with it, or die in the at-

'Faint heart never won fair lady!" saith the proverb, and in this case the old saw seemed to be true, for Lauderdale, by his boldness, won favor in the bright black eyes which never before had smiled lovingly upon mortal man. Catherine dismissed the attendants and sig

nified that she was ready to receive the envoy.
Into the chamber then stalked a tall and stalwart form. The fashion of the stranger's dress was hidden by the huge capote which enveloped him from head to foot, but upon his brow he wore the turban of the Turk.

Familiar and yet not familiar was the face of the man, and, for a moment, the Countess of Scutari gazed upon him with a puzzled look, and then, confident that she was not mistaken in the belief which had seized upon her, with a look of scorn she addressed him:

Years have passed since I have seen your face, and vet I think that I can call you by name if I choose," she said, bitter scorn in ev

ery intonation. 'You can," the stranger responded, briefly and coldly, standing well the lightning flashing from the scornful woman's eyes.

"John Belina, the Scutari boy, who forsook the hills of Montenegro and the homes of his people to join the cruel, turbaned Turk!"

"Right; John Belina, your cousin, who was driven like a dog from your father's house because he dared to forget that you were the countess of Scutari, and scught to woo and win you!" the man replied, a bitter expression in his voice. "But now, thanks to the will of the ever-living God, the tide of fortune has changed, and I, the outcast-the renegadecome to you as the messenger of the men of Scutari to make known to you their will."

"Their will!" cried Catherine, proudly; "and what is their will to me? Say rather that you come to know my pleasure, and, as the messenger of the Scutari men, bear back to them my commands!"

And are the mountaineers of Montenegro children that they should bow to a woman's words?" retorted the renegade, coldly.

This John Belina was the horseman whom

we described in our first chapter holding deep converse with the two Bashi Bazouk leaders "Say your say, sir, as quickly and as briefly as possible!" exclaimed Catherine, flaming into sudden anger.

'Your father, Michael, count of Scutari. died one month ago, and being great in wisdom he foresaw that in the near future the Christian provinces owing allegiance to the Turk, would be convulsed by a mighty struggle, and seeing that the Scutari domain, Mon tenegro's buckler against the Turk, or the Turk's guard against Montenegro, must take pote. sides either with one or the other, or else b ground to pieces between the two, and know ing also that a woman's weak hand was unfitted to sway the destinies of Scutari in such an hour, decreed in his last will and testament with the consent and approval of the elders of his people, that you, his daughter and sole heir, being a woman, could not be expected to prove equal to the emergency, and that by the time you reach your twenty-first year you must have a husband or else the domain must go to the next male heir, your cousin. Mark stands in that light, but it was his hope and wish that by wedding that heir you might still remain Countess of Scutari, and yet give to his people a warrior's brain and hand to guide them

through the threatening storm,' Catherine listened in utter amazement, My cousin Mar is a noble gentleman! she exclaimed, heatedly; "he will never consent to force me to a union, and yet he will be a leader to my people.

Your cousin Mark is dead-killed by an assassin's hand," the renegade replied, in his cold. passionless tones. "And I, John Belina, the outcast, lost to sight in the Turkish ranks whom for years all have believed to be dead am now the next of kin to you: I am the direct male heir. Within a week you are twenty-one. You must be married within that time or else lose your domain. You are here, a prisoner in the strong tower of Dulcigno, guarded by my troops, and here you will remain husbandless-unless you consent to wed me in the interim-until you are twenty-one, and then the domain of Scutari comes to me through legal right."

'Oh! into what a snare have I fallen!" the countess exclaimed, in horror; "but you will not dare! When the truth is known all Europe will espouse my cause!"

"Dare, woman!" cried the false Montenegrean, sternly. "I have dared many things since I was forced by your father to fly my kin and clime. You know me as John Belina the renegade, but the world knows me better as Ismail Bey, the Turkish general and the Pasha of Albania!" and as he spoke the renegade threw open the rough capote and revealed his rich Turkish dress-his breast covered with sparkling orders, rewards bestowed for many

And in truth Turkey's sultan had no better

general than the renegade.
"By fair means or foul the domain of Scutari must be mine, and then your people will join hands with the Turks and we'll crush Montenegro beneath our iron heel. Remember within one week you either become my bride

or else Scutari is lost to you forever!" And then the renegade turned upon his hee and stalked out of the apartment.

Too late Catherine saw the trap into which she had fallen; but, helpless as she was in the power of her cruel foe, what possible escape could there be?

CHAPTER IV.

A HUSBAND AT ANY PRICE. "OH, where were my wits that I did not detect this snare?" the girl exclaimed, mad with rage.

"Who could have detected it or looked for "True! this man has planned all with a de

mon's cunning "Within six days you must be married or else lose your domain?" the foster-sister observed, thoughtfully.

Yes, and see how cunningly this base ren egade has planned. I am here a prisoner and he will take care that I shall not have the chance to wed any one but him. My father must have been mad when he made such a will.

"But supposing that you were at liberty, would you marry without caring for the man? Alexina questioned, innocently.

"Silly girl! can I not meet trick with trick?" Catherine cried, impatiently. "The will says that I must be married—must have a husband-but nothing more. How easy, then, to hire some poor fellow to wed me with the condition that he quit my sight the mo-ment the ceremony is ended and never trouble

"That could be," Alexina observed, thoughtfully.

Yes, certainly; what is there to prevent it, if I only had my liberty?"

"Might we not bribe one of the attendants to allow us to escape?"

"Small hope of that, for this stern and wily renegade has doubtless chosen his men

"I have it!' exclaimed the foster-sister, glee fully, and clapping her hands together, child like with joy.

"Yes; Father Ivan is with us and obedien to your slightest command; bribe one of the attendants to wed you; the father will perform the service; you will have a husband and your domain be saved.

Catherine shook her head. "I doubt the plan succeeding; remember the faces of the men; grim, stolid Turks, every

"And if one would consent, would you really wed him?' Alexina asked, earnestly.
"Yes, in a moment, provided he agreed to
the condition," the countess answered, firmly. Alexina glanced around her cautiously, then

came close to Catherine.

'There is a way if you will accept it!" she

"I am desperate and will not stop at any thing to defeat this vile plot of which I am the victim!" the countess replied, firmly. "You remember the gentleman who paid me

o much attention at Baden-Baden!" "The American?" "Yes; Robert Lauderdale-he is here-con cealed in yonder closet," and the girl pointed o an arched recess, heavily wainscoted, wherein a massive door appeared. "A private staircase leads from the closet to the main court of the castle. My gentleman has contrived to make a friend of one of the Bash Bazouk captains, and so was enabled to get in to the tower."

"And can we not escape by this secret stair case?" asked Catherine, anxiously.

'No, that is impossible, for the stairway leads directly into the main court, and every outlet is strongly guarded. The American i dressed like a mountaineer, and was brought into the tower with a skin of wine upon his shoulder, and so was able to deceive the sen

'But what is your plan, since it is not possible to escape?"

"You want a husband, and one willing to narry anybody-'

"Surely you would not give me your lover?"
"Oh, no!" cried Alexina, quickly. "I want
him myself, and dearly as I love you, such a sacrifice, I fear, would be too much; but the American has a companion-"Ah! another American?"

"I do not know; I only noticed that there was some one with him—a handsome fellow enough, but muffled to the chin in a huge ca

Catherine's proud lip curled just a little at the description

"Handsome or ugly, it matters not to me ong as he is willing to do my bidding and abide by the conditions," she said, slowly, all the proud blood of her ancient race in her veins revolting at the trial. "I'll speak to my gentleman at once, and ex-

plain the matter to him. Alexina hastened to the closet, threw open the massive door and beckoned the two men,

lurking within the recess, to enter the apart ment. Lauderdale and the unknown Captain advanced. The American had donned a moun taineer's garb similar to the one worn by the

stranger. Briefly, Alexina explained the situation while the countess quietly seated herself at the table, never even deigning to cast a look at the man whom she intended to use as a weapon to strike a blow at the cruel and wilv Ismail

A peculiar look appeared upon the pale face of the Captain when he learned the nature of the service required of him, and it was with careful eyes that he scrutinized the beautiful but haughty face of the Montenegrean countess

'If my poor services can aid the lady, right I place them at her command, said, when the foster-sister had finished her story, speaking in the slow and measured style so natural to him.

"Instruct Father Ivan as to the duties re quired of him," the countess said, and then as Alexina hastened to apprise the priest, she addressed the stranger. 'Approach, sir."

The man advanced until he stood at Catherine's side! his face quiet, even stolid, no trace of admiration upon it at the wondrous beauty of the woman whom he was about to serve after so strange a fashion.

"You understand the conditions, sir?"

"It is to be but a marriage in name—the service I will richly requite once I am free. You pledge your honor as a gentleman never to claim the rights of a husband—you are a gentleman, I presume?"

"I hope so," the man replied, coldly. 'Your name!" "Is that necessary?"

'Yes," she replied, imperiously. "My comrade here, who knows me well, calls me the Scarlet Captain, sometimes, and ometimes the Slasher of Scutari."

"You are a robber, then, like nearly all the Albanians!" "My enemies call me so," the man replied,

in his quiet way. "It makes no difference to me who or what you are, so long as you perform the service I equire," Catherine observed, in her haughty style; "although, perhaps, it would have been more pleasant to me if you had been of noble

"From one of the brothers Noah am I descended, but my family have never succeeded in discovering which one," the captain replied,

he felt that she was well answered.

Alexina's return with the old priest put a

op to the conversation. The worthy father was astonished, and vainly tried to dissuade Catherine from her resolve but the resolution of the Montenegrean girl was not to be shaken.

"No. father!" she exclaimed. "at any cost l must and will baffle this vile plot of which I am the victim. John Belina, the renegade, or Ismail Bey, whichever he chooses to call him-self, shall find that cunning as he thinks he is, ne can be matched by a woman's wit!" "But this man! do you know aught in re-

gard to him?" "No; nor do I care!" the countess cried impatiently. "He is but a tool to serve my purpose. I am desperate and will not stop at anything to break the snare into which I have

The old priest rolled up his eyes in dismay he would fain have reasoned the girl from her resolution, but he knew the iron race of Belina too well to further attempt it.

The priest prepared for the ceremony. "Come, my children," he said. The two knelt before him.

The ceremony commenced. At a little distance Alexina clung to her

"Who is the gentleman?" she asked, curiousy interested in the pale and handsome

"A man, every inch of him, as the haughty Catherine will find one of these days, or I miss my reckoning," the American replied

The final words were spoken, and the Scarlet Captain, the Slasher of Scutari, as he called himself, and Catherine Belina were man and

And hardly had the priest closed the missal when there was a loud outcry; the door leading to the secret staircase was burst violently open, and Ismail Bey, heading a large number of Bashi Bazouks, rushed into the apartment, naked sabers gleaming in their hands. (To be continued.)

AFFLICTED!

BY WILLIAM LISENBEE.

The young men here on Mineral street Have organized a band, And music's now on the decline With very light demand.

They meet at eve most every night And don't go home till three; How they can stand to blow so long Is something strange to me.

Oh, how they blow! and how the sounds Float upward through the air! And how the neighbors shut their doors And cry and tear their hair.

The cats and dogs that used to haunt The place by day and night, Have long since fled and left the town Disgusted in their fright.

They think their music is sublime, And always keep on hand A good supply of it, and will, Deliver on demand. They'll blow till all the air around is filled with horrid sounds, And then of cakes and peanuts eat About one hundred pounds.

And now they talk of serenades—
I've loaded up my gun,
And when they call around this way
There'll be one less trombone.

But hark! I hear their footsteps sound! They're coming down the street! Just hold; I'll lay my pen aside, And now—that band's my meat!

The Bouquet Girl;

HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.

BY AGILE PENNE, STRANG STORIES OF MANY LANDS," "THE DE-TECTIVE'S WARD," "WOLF OF ENHOVEN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER INFORMATION. CAPTAIN JACK was busy with his papers, but

oked up as the detective entered. The head of the Private Inquiry Office was well known to the lawyer, as he had had business dealings with him, but there was no love ost between the two, as the detective in two or three cases had succeeded in bothering the lawyer's plans considerably.

But Leipper always received either friend or foe with a smiling face, and therefore he greeted the burly detective quite cordially.

"How are you? Help yourself to a chair. Warm, isn't it?" "Yes, quite warm."

The detective seated himself comfortably in an arm-chair and prepared for action. 'What's up?" Captain Jack questioned.

He understood that this was no mere visit of ceremony, but that the detective had come

"I want to get a little information from "Certainly; happy to oblige you; what is

it?" and the lawyer, wheeling around in his chair, faced the detective with a pleasant smile upon his handsome face. The detective took out his memorandum book in the peculiar, methodical way so natural

to him, opened it and glanced at one of the I want you to give me the correct address of Mr. James Ronnells.

The lawyer was playing carelessly with a little ivory paper-knife, but as the name reached his ears, with a single convulsive movement the strong hands snapped the fragile tov in twain. The detective, with his nose down in the

memorandum-book —he was rather short-sighted, or pretended to be, so his detractors aid-apparently was not watching the face of the lawyer, but in reality not the slightest expression of the features escaped him. And over the expressive face of the lawver a look of blank astonishment had rapidly

passed. It was but momentary, though; in a cond he had recovered his composure 'James Ronnelle," he said, slowly and reflectively. "James Ronnells-I don't think

that I know any one by that name." "Quite sure?" Pendalmock asked in his quiet way; and the lawyer, well acquainted with the detective's manner, understood at once that Pendalmock knew that he was not speaking

the truth. "Well, yes; but I say!" exclaimed the lawyer, rapidly, "will you allow me to ask you few questions?" Of course."

"Why do you wish to know anything about

this James Ronnells? Do you 'want' him for The cant saying of the detective officer when he lays the hand of power upon the shoulder

Catherine cast a quick glance at the man; of the criminal is, "You're wanted, my

Oh, no; nothing of that kind, at all," Pen dalmock hastened to explain. "A party came to my office, left the name, and desired me to procure any information I could in regard to

'And was my name mentioned in the mat ter?" asked Captain Jack, apparently very

"Ob, no."

"Why, then, do you come to me in regard to the man? "Because I know that you know something about him," the detective answered, bluntly much to the astonishment of the lawyer. "Why, Pendalmock, you're a perfect jewe

of a detective!" Captain Jack declared, forcing

a laugh, but it was quite plain that the affair was far more likely calculated to give him matter for uneasiness than cause for merriment. I suppose it is of no use for me to deny all knowledge of this man." "Not the slightest use, Mr. Leipper, for I know you do know something about him, or rather that you did know something. I speak

more correctly, perhaps, to use the past tense, the detective remarked, in his cool, quiet way A peculiar expression shot across the face of the lawyer; it did not escape the sharp eyes o the detective, but for the life of him he couldn't detect what caused it or what it pur ported. For once the keen wits of the acute

lood-hound-of the-law were at fault. "See, Pendalmock, you place me in a peculiar situation," he said, abruptly, and apparently with great frankness. "This man mabe a client of mine, and how can I tell, if give you his address - supposing I have it—that

I shall not be doing him a mischief?" The detective shook his head. It was

knotty point. "Now I know you to be a man of your word," the lawyer continued, "and if you wil give me a pledge that, if I am able to give you any information, it shall not result in mischie to him, why then I will overhaul my memory in regard to this Mr. James Ronnells.

Again Pendalmock shook his head. "You can't give the pledge, eh?" and the lawyer appeared to be strangely interested considering that he had at first denied all knowledge of the man.

"I can't give you the pledge with a free conscience, to be honest with you," the detective replied, "because I don't know anything

"You don't?" "No, honest! I haven't the remotest idea why the information is wanted.' "That's strange," the lawyer observed, con

tracting his bushy eyebrows "A certain party came to my office, gave me the name of James Ronnells and desired me to find out all I could about him, and that's all I know about it.

The lawyer cast his eyes down to the floor and remained silent for a few moments, evidently in deep thought. "I don't understand this matter, at all," he said at last, after quite a long pause. "I sup pose it is of no use to ask who the person was?

To betray one of my patrons would ruin my business," the detective quietly rejoined.
"If Ronnells is the man I think he is, he would be apt to give a trifle to know who it is that is so anxious about him," Captain Jack suggested, carelessly

Jehial understood the hint, but he was the soul of honor where a client was concerned, so he quietly shook his head. You can't see it?"

"Couldn't do it, you know," Pendalmock re-"Well, I can't give you any information about the party," Captain Jack announced in an off-hand, careless way, "except that I have vague remembrance of such a man and that I transacted some business for him; what it

amounted to much." "You can't give the address, then!" and the detective rose as he spoke "No, but if I knew what he was wanted for

-if the object of the inquiry was revealed to me, it is possible I might be able to obtain some information in regard to the matter." "I'll see what the party says about it," and the detective retreated to the door.

"By the way!" cried the lawyer, abruptly halting Pendalmock with his hand on the doorknob. "Supposing that you don't succeed in getting any information in regard to this Mr Ronnells-and I greatly doubt your being able to obtain any-and you get through with the party who wishes to prosecute the search, I suppose you would have no objection to taking a retaining fee from me to find out why this party wants Mr. Ronnells?"

"Oh, no; not the least objection," the detec tive replied, readily. "When I get through with the party I am entirely at your service. 'All right; come round and let me know.

The detective nodded and departed, Well," he mused, descending the stairs wly, "this affair looked all plain and straightforward, but it is quite evident, now, that it is going to give me some trouble. never saw Leipper taken so by surprise before for he is about as cool a hand as I know of, nywhere, but he snapped that paper-knife as though it was made of pasteboard. There's something beneath the surface in all this, and am beginning to get interested. This Ronnells is a valuable client, or Leipper would ne ver have betrayed so much interest in the matter. I wonder if the lady is the party from whom the divorce was obtained? don't think I will be able to procure any information in regard to the party, eh?" and the detective laughed quietly to himself. well, we can tell that better after I have been at work on the case for a week or so. I must try what effect a five-dollar bill will have upon Mr. Leipper's office-boy; these lads have sharp ves and ears, sometimes,

CHAPTER XXIV

A COOL PROPOSAL AFTER parting with the Bouquet-Girl Avise had hurried along, her blood at fever-heat; her plan had failed; she had been repulsed with

The bloodhound was eager on the scent!

scorn and contempt. "The little beggar! to dare to bandy words with me!" she exclaimed, almost ready to cry with rage. "And, what can Craige possibly see in that miserable little creature to admire? A little sallow-face thing! and with impudence enough for a dozen! I ought to have slapped her face well, the little hussy!"

The Queen of the Blondes walked rapidly down Grand street toward Broadway.

Close behind her came the tall dark man vith stealthy tread, and as the enraged and baffled girl turned into New York's great artery, now dark and almost deserted, as it usually is at such an hour on Sunday evening, the man improved the opportunity to step forward

and address her. Good-evening, mademoiselle," he said, and the strong foreign accent as well as the peculiar tone of the voice at once betrayed to the

quick ears of the actress that it was the seedy foreigner who had sought an interview with er, a few days before, at her hotel.

Avise drew herself up in stately dignity and glanced quickly around her.

In truth a nervous woman would have been alarmed, for the street was dark and almost deserted; but women of the stage are not generally timid. Obliged from the nature of their vocation to return from the theater at a late hour, often unattended, they get used to the solitude of the midnight streets.

The Italian comprehended the meaning of the glance in an instant and hastened to reassure the lady.

Alarm yourself do not!" he exclaimed. "Your humble slave, which am I, loves ze very ground you walk over with your magnificent feet! Protect you I would with my life from all danger," and he bowed obsequiously as he concluded the speech.
"Well, sir, what do you want?" Avise de-

"To your hotel you will proceed now?" the Italian asked, with another low bow.

"Mademoiselle, permit your humble slave the distinguished honor of accompanying your steps to ze hotel.'

"Thank you, but I don't desire any company," the actress replied, haughtily.
"Ab, mademoiselle, but I have something very important to say to you; as we walk along, my plans I can unfold; you compre-

"Oh, you're wasting your time, sir; you can have nothing to say to me that I care to hear!" was Avise's impatient response. She was in no mood to listen to what at some other time might have amused her. "If it is money that you are after spare yourself the trouble of talking; here's a dollar for you; so get out!" The actress opened her purse and tendered a bank-

With a stately bow the Italian declined the gift, although it must be recorded that his eyes glared hungrily as he looked upon the bit of

paper which represented a good dollar. "No, mademoiselle, no; it is not your money I seek!" he returned, with dignity. "I do not come to beg. It is to do you a service that I

seek you this night!"

The Italian had one strange peculiarity; sometimes he spoke extremely good English with hardly a trace of a foreign accent, and then again his discourse smacked strongly of

the foreigner. "You do me a service?" asked Avise, evidently doubtful of the man.

"Si, signora!" replied he, promptly. "Listen to a-me. Concealed in ze next doorway was I to-night; my ears did hear all that passed between you and that young woman."

The actress crimsoned for a moment from neck to temples, more through anger than from shame, though.

"Every word did I hear, and when that base child of ze gutter revile you, bright, beautiful star! ze blood boil in my veins! But, I can serve you. Be you pleased to walk along and I will explain."

Avise did so, more for the sake of getting rid of the fellow than from any thought that I could be of any service to her.

"Listen, be tranquil, and you will a-compre-hend me," he began, marching along by the side of the tall, beautiful girl, and like a gigantic cat purring in her ear. "Zis girl! ahl she is an imp of Satan!" he cried, with an expression of well-assumed horror upon his face. "She has insnared that noble young man, his wits are a-tangled up. I have heard many conversations between them. In that house I live; it is not grand—not like my palace by ze blue waters of Napoli, ah! but what can I do. crushed a-down by ze heel of iron fortune, you

comprehend,'
"Yes." A Anise was burning with eagerness to hear of the interviews between the two. was I don't remember, but I don't think it "In his true heart he cares not for her," the Italian explained, and the words fell on ears quick to drink in the meaning, "but, she has entrapped him. He has given his word - oh! he is a noble young man! His word he would a-keep although the sky fall! But if she were

away taken, he would be free; his word reeased, he would be your slave!" Avise caught eagerly at the idea, and a hard, strange look came over her fair young face. She was mad with love-fierce with love's passion, and to accomplish her desires few ob-

stacles in this world were too great for her to "Take her away-what do you mean?" the actress asked in a low, hard voice, strangely harsh for her silver throat. "Exactly what I say; in riddles I do not

of-fact way. "Away she must be taken; the spell removed, ze noble young man will be all "You do not mean to kill her!" Avise asked

speak!" the Italian replied in the most matter-

in a whisper, her face growing deadly pale at the horrible idea. "Oh no, there is no need of that," the Italian replied, lightly. "Although, were there no other way, for your sake, my child, I would not hesitate for a moment. Bah! what is her miserable life compared to your happiness?

"Oh, no; not, not that!" the actress cried with a shudder. "Rest yourself tranquil, my child; ze matter can be easily arranged. Ze girl can be carried off. There is a friend of mine, a noble gentleman, although like myself he and hard fortune have shaken hand lately very hard, but he is a noble youth; of the best blood of fair Italy he comes; my friend-my brother, ze Colonel An-

selmo del Frascati. Glance over your shoulder, signora, and you will behold him. The actress did so and beheld a fat, greasy and decidedly seedy Italian jogging along with downcast head about half a block behind them. "You behold! a noble youth!" the Italian continued; "with love he does be consumed

for that young girl; he hangs upon her footsteps and grows thin with sighs of love! It is heaven's mercy to bring them together. All I need is ze money for ze enterprise. We carry ze girl off! Bah! it is as easy as turning over your hand! In New York I know plenty men -countrymen of mine-who will be glad to earn five dollars and never question what is Ze street is lonely, ze hall very dark; we wait for her some night inside ze hall, and have a carriage a leetle way down ze street. When she come in ze entry we seize her; put ze leetle cloth with ze medicine to her nose, her senses swim and she faint. Then we carry her to ze carriage and we drive off, nice as can be. Ze bridegroom, my noble friend, ze colonel, is ready, ze priest waiting-I know a man who will perform ze ceremony and never trouble his head about questions, provided he is well paid for it. She become ze wife of my friend

and her spell over your lover is broken. It was in truth a diabolical plan, but so mad with passion was the willful blonde that she caught eagerly at the idea.

But if she escapes afterward?" she asked. "Will Mistair Craige want ze wife of an other man, eh?" the Italian asked, with a flend

-E--- WAR WALLE TRUBBLING E---

A fearful fate indeed they had planned for the Bouquet-Girl.

'How much money do you want?" "A hundred dollairs will be enough now perhaps I shall not need any more.'

Avise gave him the money at once. "Anything to rid me of that girl!" she cried in desperation.

CHAPTER XXV.

A LEAF FROM HISTORY. By the time that the desperate, love-stricken actress and the reckless Italian adventurer had arrived at an understanding, they were pretty near to the hotel which the Queen of the Blondes honored with her presence

With an imperious gesture Avise dismissed the adventurer.

You need not accompany me further," she said; "we understand each other now. If you need more money come for it, and as an incentive to successful action I hereby promise you that within an hour after the marriage of this girl to your friend I will make you a present of five hundred dollars." The girl was liberal; but what was money

to her? She was making a thousand dollars a week and never dreamed that the time could come when her gains would be less. 'Oh, rely upon me, signora!" the Italian re-

plied, promptly. "Within a week, at the most, you shall rest tranquil. Believe me! I know what I a-speak."

Avise hurried on, leaving the adventurer

standing upon the corner, waiting for his seedy

friend to come up.

A smile of satisfaction played around the

She is superb!" he murmured. "Her mocandle to zis girl! I have made my point! Zis lawyer, bah! imbecile! he wants time to reflect! Oh, no! I understand him perfectly. I rest tranquil. He wants time to see if he cannot beat me in some way. Let him go on; I am prepared. In strategy I am Napo-

The approach of the fat Italian cut short the meditations of the scheming rogue.
"Aha! well?" grunted the noble colonel, his little eyes gazing anxiously after the

'My friend, I have succeeded!" the adventurer responded to the interrogation. "Fifty dollairs have I received from her, and when you are married to ze girl I am to have a hundred more."

The fat rogue shook his head.

"It is not enough, I am afraid."
"Why not enough? It is a great plenty." "We shall need a coach to carry her off; a man to drive-"

"Oh, no!" the tall Italian cried, quickly. "You must drive ze coach. Diavolo! do we need a dozen? No; you will drive ze coach, I will attend to ze girl. We two will be all; there is nothing to pay but for ze coach.' The other grunted assent.

'To-morrow I am to see ze lawyer, again; after ze interview is over, I can tell when to strike ze blow. If I do not a-miss my gues ze time will soon come. We will get home now, allons,

And chatting together, coolly arranging the details of the plan as if the carrying off of a young and helpless girl was a common, everyday affair, the two adventurers proceeded down Broadway.

So busy were they in their conversation, so intent upon the scheme which was, if success ful, to bring enormous wealth to them, that neither one of the two noticed, in passing, a couple of swarthy-faced, poorly-dressed men standing, engaged in conversation, in a door-

dow of the doorway, not intentionally seeking to avoid conversation though, but had merely stepped aside from the general promenade to enjoy their conversation without interrup-

The two conspirators, swaggering along in the full glare of the street lights, the tall exile busily engaged with outstretched finger in explaining to the other how certain they were of success in the scheme to forever embitter a trappers of the far West, who wander thouyoung girl's life, could hardly help attracting the notice of the two men in the door's sha-

And as the brace of rascals passed, a single sentence coming from the lips of the tall adventurer fell distinctly upon the ears of the two within the doorway.

"Diavolo! I tell you we cannot fail! the idea is grand! it is Napoleonic! A half a million of dollairs! aha! we can return to Italy and live like princes!" and the two passed on; the listeners heard no more.

But one of them had heard quite enough. With a violent movement he grasped the other

by the arm. 'Oh, saints in heaven! fortune is good to

me at last!" he cried. The speaker was a stout, brawny fellow well on in years, as his grizzled beard and the sprinkling of silver hairs among his otherwise

black and curling locks betrayed. His companion was younger and more slender "What is the matter, Pietro?" the second man asked, astonished at the manner and

words of the other. Both men spoke in Italian, and from the purity of their accent, it was plain they were men of education. "That man!" he cried, with angry gesture.

but in suppressed tones, pointing after the brace of plotting knaves. "Which one?"

"The tall one -the flend in face and heart!" "Well, what of him?"

"For seventeen years have I sought him— the miserable villain—but all in vain!" "Is that possible?" the other cried, in ama

"Yes; seventeen years ago, in Naples, he ruined all my life. It's a long story and a bitter one, Tomaso, my friend!" and the speaker

ground his teeth in rage. "Why, Pietro, I never heard you speak of this matter before.' The Vilarni are a silent race; they bear

and suffer without a cry. You know that I and not be begging. At that time snow-shoes was a patriot at home and suffered for my were pretty much of a novelty to me, and I opinions

"That man is the cause of all!"

"What, Castiglioni? "Aha! you know him!" the swarthy Neapolitan cried, eagerly.

'Yes, he lodges in the same house with "Aha! no need to track him to-night, then,

since I know where to find him to-morrow. And how calls he himself?" "Phillipe de Castiglione. And he once wronged you?"

Yes, most foully!" the other replied, bitterly; "and by the blood of all the saints, I swear, my vengeance shall be as fearful and as complete as the ruin which he wrought!" "You excite my curiosity; explain."

to which we both belonged?"

"You were at Milan, I at Naples; you remember how, seventeen years ago, all Italy, that still felt the weight of the tyrant's foot, was ripening to revolt. In Naples our brothdaughter of a goldsmith whose shop was in the Grand Square. The goldsmith himself, a worthy man, Alphonso Cellini, was one of the chiefs of our brotherhood; his daughter looked with favor on me, and all seemed bright and fair. Then to Naples came a messenger from the Grand Circle of our brotherhood at Paris; he found shelter in Cellini's house; he was a to sacrifice everything. Somehow I took a dislike to the man, at first sight, and never trusted him; but Cellini, honest soul, always accepted men at their own estimate, and his daughter, too, my heart's idol, seemed strange ly interested in this fluent stranger. I suspected that he was trying to displace me, but I solved to bide my time, although ever on my guard against a blow from the malice of this French Italian, for I could plainly see that he hated me. The blow came at last, but in a different manner from what I had expected. There was a traitor in our brotherhood, and we were all denounced to the police—the goldsmith alone excepted. For six long months l languished in a dungeon, a miserable hole not fit even for a dog; then came the hour when the powers of Europe bade Italy rise and take thin lips of the Italian as he watched the graceful figure of the actress hurrying along in the gloom. its place once again among the nations of the earth. From my dark cell I came forth into the world. I found that Cellini was dead, his daughter had married the stranger; he had ther was a grand woman, but she no hold a robbed her of the wealth left by her father candle to zis girl! I have made my point! and had deserted her. I found her dying of a broken heart, and with her latest breath she revealed to me that the traitor who had betrayed us was her husband—this man who has just passed," (To be continued—commenced in No. 385.)

Adventures in the North-west.

BY MAJOR MAX MARTINE,

Formerly of the Hudson Bay Company's Service.

I. MY FIRST SHOT AT AN INDIAN.

DURING the eight years which were spent with the Indians, I never killed but three Indians, except in self-defense; though I must onfess that a larger number have gone on their last hunt, with but a slim excuse on my part, However, circumstances alter cases, and f my readers are disposed to judge too harshly must ask them to put themselves in my

My first shot at an Indian was made under ircumstances which would have vexed a better-natured man than myself. It was in the country of the Hare Indians to the north-west of Great Slave Lake, where I was then sta tioned by the Hudson Bay Fur Company.

It had snowed almost incessantly for nearly two weeks, finally clearing off and giving place to the most bitter cold weather I ever ex perienced. I had secured plenty of wood, and was in no particular danger of freezing so long as I kept my fire blazing; though, as I after ward learned, over a hundred Indians, princi-pally squaws and children, froze to death, or perished from starvation during this cold snap To add to the uncomfortableness of the situation, my stock of horse-meat had run out, and though I was hourly expecting the voyageurs with the annual supplies, I awoke one morning ithout a morsel to eat

In relating some of my own experience have heard my friends remark that they would starve to death before they would eat many of the different articles of food in which I have often indulged. Perhaps so; yet I know tha there are few more particular people in this respect than were those in my New England home; and none more fastidious than myself before I went out into the world. But the sands of miles over barren as well as fertile plains, where game could not exist, are comwith buoyant spirits they conquer results which a faint heart and yielding courage would behold almost in their grasp but fail to reach, An emergency may call forth all his skill, and smile that trembled about her perfect mouthin a wild and unexplored country where every living thing suddenly disappears, it is then that the wits of the trapper save his life when an ordinary traveler would lay down and die.

At this time it is difficult for me to imagine the transition from one of the most aristocratic boards in Portland to roast skunk in the wil derness of the North-west. Such, however, ha een my fortune. But the reader will pardon this digression, and I will return to my story

I stood the hunger very well for the first tw days, but after that I began to feel a little require an extended observation to show that the less a man has to eat, the hungrier he becomes; and I have often heard housekeepers haps, yet destined to make it shipwrcek. say that the bread never went so fast as when the flour-barrel was nearly empty.

One morning I dressed myself as warmly as possible, donned my snow-shoes; and taking not proceeded more than four rods from my cabin before my nose was frozen stiff. And quickly as possible I was again inside, and until the next morning I nursed the frozen mem-I had drawn the frost by a liberal application of snow, but it did not prevent it from assuming a shape neither Grecian nor Roman.

Fortunately the weather moderated, and for meat, and hungry-looking fellows they forgotten her, for one day or night, since she were, too; but I did not pity them much, as were pretty much of a novelty to me, and I and next she cried out passionately: could not make very good speed; however, I struck into the woods, knowing that I must de- have never even heard his name in all these

After tramping an hour or two without seeing a living thing, I started up a fine buck. I shot at him, but an intervening twig must have turned the ball, for I only succeeded in wounding him. I started in pursuit, loading as I and no one else but her cousin, Southwick Rolran, and could see by the blood on the snow

that he was bleeding freely. The deer ran obliquely to the left, instead of wild, miserably-poor Bohemian, Vachel Orme going straight away from me, so that for a And had not she, herself, as he had reminded few minutes I gained upon him; besides the her, commanded him never to let her hear of soft snow took him in at every jump. But ima- him again, when she had refused to marry him

divided between two passions—a desire to free was to wound him in the leg, and although I answering thrill in this renegade heart! No! my native land and love for a fair girl, the was pretty mad I had no idea of killing him; no! I knew him from the first—weak, wicked;

I kept on after my game, which I soon secured, and returning to the Indian found him stone dead. It looked rather hard at first, but when I thought it all over I was not very sorry, for I knew that had he killed the deer tall, dashy fellow, a man of wealth, it was said, he was both hungry and desperate enough to who, for the sake of freeing Italy, had resolved have shot me rather than divide. I left him, and shouldering my game returned to my cabin.

Arriving there, I met the brother of the Indian I had shot, and told him what I had done. There was a wicked gleam in his eye for a moment, but his bereavement was cured when I gave him half the deer. He never tried to avenge the death of his brother, though I had expected he would, the first opportunity

He did not even think enough of him to bury him, but left him where he fell. Before morning the welves had saved him all trouble in regard to funeral obsequies and expenses.

The next one was during the memorable massacre of 1862, in the Western part of Minnesota. In company with five others, we had been in pursuit of a party of eighteen or twenty Sioux, and had just come up to them in a belt of timber about fifty miles west of

the settlement of New Ulm. For quite a while it was uncertain which party would get the best of the bargain; but our superior guns and skill gave us the advantage and the Indians were put to flight. took after one big fellow, and was about to shoot him, when my foot caught in a graperine and I fell to the ground. As I was rising a hatchet came whizzing past, just grazing my face. Again I started after him, when, in attempting to jump a small stream, he missed his footbold on the opposite bank and slid back into the water.

I had my gun raised, when he turned, and holding up both hands exclaimed: "Don't shoot!

Me good Injun!" In this case I might have taken him a prisoner and saved his life, but just then, I was not in need of prisoners, besides, I was mad; so I said, "Yes, I know you're a sweet Indian, you are," and blazed away. Poor devil! he had no time for even a death-song. For the first time in my life, as well as the last, I tried my hand at scalping; not that I particularly desired his "top-knot," but to see how easy it could be done, and also because I knew that an Indian looked upon it in the light of a disgree not to looked upon it in the light of a disgrace not to scalp a brave enemy.

'What right had I to get mad?" Well, I will tell you. I had seen, the day previous, such horrors as were never heard of before, and I dare not record the worst of them here. The

details would be unfit for type!

A wife and mother had her head split open while she was making bread, and the fiend who did it also roasted her child in the ready heated oven! Other children were also nailed to the doors and knives and tomahawks thrown at them until they expired with fright and pain! Mothers were disemboweled and whole families burned alive! There was no mercy for infancy or age, and no heed to prayers or

How could I help getting mad when there were pools of blood and destruction every-

(To be continued.)

Infatuated.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

"IT is the clearest case of infatua The clearest case of infatuation! Cecil Denny kept repeating to herself, as she stood at her dressing-glass swiftly pulling off her ornaments. And she kept on repeating the words as she threw her ball-dress aside elled to submit to all kinds of vicissitudes; but and unbound her masses of golden hair; kept on repeating them with a hot passion of selfcontempt that belied the glad shining light in her starry brown eyes, and the soft, yearning a mouth that many a suitor had thought he

would forfeit his soul to kiss. Three hours before, Miss Denny's maid had obed her for the ball; she had come back to her room without once entering the brilliant salon where she was wont to move as queen, by right of her regal beauty, her regal for une, and her regal pride. And now that she was alone, again, even her maid forbidden the apartment, she threw herself upon a lounge or alked the floor, in the alternations of strength and weakness that swayed her soul. For gaunt in the region of my belt. It does not Cecil Denny was passing through a sea of pasion such as sweeps few women's lives, but that had already assailed hers once, and was, per-

She lived over again every incident that had transpired since, on her way through the corridor. She had met Vachel Orme. Again she felt the tides of her blood flow fever-hot, as they had at the clasp of his hand; and her whole being grow dizzy with the tumult of dewind the care again likely to commit the folly of forget-ting your position and mine; that you are of company her to the pier. Her head ached, she said, and the air would do her good. They sat only the Bohemian scion of a ruined and devalue to long that Annette fell asleep; when say a work of the paper; then she told the guit to accommand the paper; then she told the guit to accompany her to the pier. Her head ached, she said, and the air would do her good. They sat only the Bohemian scion of a ruined and decayed ancestry and fortune; I shall not wound she awoke her mistress was gone, and so was a long. my gun started out for something to eat. I had they had at the clasp of his hand; and her lirious joy that had intoxicated her at the long, searching, worshiping gaze of his brilliant eyes. She had made no attempt to leave him, but had allowed him to place her hand within his arm, and lead her out to the long shaded avenues and vine-covered summer-houses; and the hours had fled all too rapidly. She rewhen I again started out it was with no danger | called all that he had casually mentioned con of freezing. Not far from my cabin I met cerning his life; she repeated the words with two Indians, brothers, who were coming to me | which he had vowed to her that he had never sent him away; she asked herself again and none, and advised them to hunt for themselves | never to knowingly go where they might meet; and then reproached herself for doubting him;

"But why should I not doubt him, when I pend upon my own exertions for something to | years? Could he have cared for me and remained so silent?

Then she remembered that the only person lins, was likely to dream that the haughty, wealthy Cecil Denny knew aught of the witty,

"You know the brotherhood in the old land which we both belonged?"

at it. He, too, hit the deer, but did not bring him down, and loading as he ran, he kept on after the animal.

at it. He, too, hit the deer, but did not bring fatuation for his handsome face, and worshipful eyes, and tender words that never meant ful eyes, and tender words the te

I called to him to stop; but calling done no so madly in love with him-me-whom scores but at the moment I fired he made a slip, and able to simulate, not to feel; in love with self while recovering his position the ball hit him in the side and he dropped.

and all selfish pleasures, but never with any other human being! Why was it my destiny to lavish my love on Vachel Orme, and yet to

> And so the night passed, and the sunrise found Miss Denny worn and haggard from her conflict with an infatuation that had darkened her life for long, and now had burst the bonds that silence and years had set round it; but it up his card that day he was told that Miss Denny was indisposed. He received the message exultingly, conscious that she would not ong refuse to see him. He was triumphant at the power he discovered he held over this splendid woman, and cursed himself that he had obeyed the girlish commands of seven years before, and cursed himself again over one event of his last few years of life—one event that he had not intimated to Miss Denny during their long interview the previous

But that afternoon a startling rumor was afoot; Miss Denny, the belle of the summer city had suddenly deserted her crowd of admirers, and taken her way to other fields of onquest. Orme was not long in fathoming its truth, and ascertaining her destination; a trace of weakness had lingered in Cecil's resolve to flee from and forget the man she felt it was folly to love, and she had gone to the place where they had first met, and had left a

clew by which he could make that discovery! Two days later, as Cecil Denny wandered along the shores at Rocksea, and lived over the summer-time, seven years ago, when she had stayed here with her affianced lord, her cousin, Southwick Rollins, and had met the brillian young Orme, and had wakened to a knowledge of what love, mad, absorbing love, was, a leter was placed in her hands from this Orme of

whom she dreamed. "Reason conquered then; it shall now!" she said, hotly, as she held the package, unbroken, in her jeweled hand. But the rich color that surged to and fro in her face, the excited light in her shiny eyes, the nervous throbbing at her pearly fair throat, all told how frail was the chance that reason held against the madness of the infatuation that assailed Cecil Denny, even at sight of Vachel Orme's familiar penman

The letter read: -

"Sunday Morning Aug. 9 1875. MY DEAR MISS DENNY:

"My Dear Miss Denny:

"What is the meaning of your sudden flight yesterday? Is it I who have driven you from here? You should rath represent me away. Have you ever had cause to find me lacking in that honor which he compess a man to obey to the letter every command, however biter, laid upon him by the soul to which his own yields its all of layaity?—Or, perhaps, I annoved you by something I, u witting yidd or said, in the tumult of heart and passion that wraped me while in your presonce. If so, you should have to dime, for one can of flord to lose friends, fund have you not said you wer such; in this life. But I dere hope that I have not rendered mysef unpardonable, and that you will tell me so, if I am so bold as to seek your presence. "And you are gone to Rocksea! Can you not imagine what a flood of memories come over me of a summer night, seven years ago, when you and I wandered along that beach t gether? The night was chill, and you alked closely ymy side, and leaned heav ly upon my arm. And do yon not remember, as we stood upon the I this pier tooking out upon the starlit waters, and listening to the song one waves, that we cast pelbbles and bits of shell into the sea, and ever a we did there splashed up a phosphoresce t spray as though the shosts of jewels long side sunken in the deep, were leaping out in to the night? Are not our memories of to-day, like those rilliant bubbles of the past? Ah the sea rolls on and Time leaves no mark upon the bosom of the waters. It is only the hart of men ing on i to the night? Are not our memories of to-day, like those rilliant bubbles of the past? Ah! the sea rolls on and Time leaves no mark upon the bosom of the waters. It is only the heart of man that changes. It is only human affections which undergo a transformation. Oh, if it only could not be so! Or, as we look back through the shadow vista of wasted years, if we could of ly recall some golden moment—if we could but grasp some precious hour, rich with hope and faith and love, and wed it to out hearts and I ves as an everlasting real ty, what higher he ven could we hope for? You and I have knewn such moments, and though the; are long since dead, and many as slent tear has been dropped over the grave where they are laid, the memory of them is still as fragrant as the love of some de arted friend.

"But what have I been doing? In truth, I have opened a secret door which leads into my heart, and given you a peep into its innermost depths; but I will close it now and throw away the key. I know the memories of the long ago are surrounded by a glamour, and perhaps I was weak to recall the past; but an intoxicating incense of romance still lingers about my thoughts of Bocksea and our stay there.

"But I must be more like myself—practical. And

And he followed it immediately; indeed, a delay in the mail favored him, and he was by boat and its one passenger, and the watchers Cecil Denny's side as she crushed his missive knew that Cecil Denny's destiny was fulfilled. in her hand, crying:

me yet! Nay, do not reprove me! I am nev- had asked Annette to sign her name at the betyours. I only ask, after seven years of tor- and screamed. ture, to stay for a few days where I may see y, Cecll!"

'No. stav," she said. And Vachel Orme knew himself conqueror from that moment,

The days slid goldenly by and Cecil Denny drifted with them toward her fate, struggling ess and less against her passion for the man they were proverbially lazy, and had only again if he had spoken truthfully when he told themselves to provide for. I told them I had her that he had considered it a point of honor at last the crisis came—all unexpectedly as

There was a hop at the hotel where Orme and Miss Denny were stopping, and she had promised to go down and waltz with him. As they passed through the wide hallway to the 9—THE WAR OF HEARTS. By Corinne Cushball-room, a stranger saw them and stopped to

follow them with his eyes. "It is Cecil and that fellow Orme! Surely she does not care for him now! It cannot be for his sake she has kept single. There must be some hope for me this time! I cannot have come home in vain!

dress for an appearance amid the gay assemblage below. When he entered the brilliant room Miss Denny was slowly floating by in Vachel's arms, and there was an expression of strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly, role, room of the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly, role, room of the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly, role, room of the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly, role, room of the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly, role, room of the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly, role, room of the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly, role, room of the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly, role, room of the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly, role, room of the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly, role, room of the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly, role, room of the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly, role, room of the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly, role, room of the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly, role, room of the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly, role, room of the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly and the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly and the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly and the strange triumph in Orme's eyes, and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly and the strange triumph in Orme's eyes and an almost transferuring glory on Cacilly and the strange t had met come out of the woods not twenty yards behind the deer, and raising his gun, fire then to love him! what a fool I have remained turned face, that made the silent looker-on turned face, the face of the seventh looker in the seventh loo

I called to him to stop, but he paid no attention to my call, and kept on running. Again he went close to the deer and shot, and again loving me always—me—so rich, so beautiful, ball, and the woman's strength had suddenly deserted her.

"Stay, Vachel; I cannot live without you," she had whispered, softly.

They could wait for further words, these two, who had waited so long; and so, after the dance, Orme's only care was to find her a cool resting-place, ere he went away to get her some water.

Indeed, he wanted breathing space to face the fact of this great good fortune that had befallen him, and to see his way clear to the acceptance of it. For, after all, Vachel Orme more wickedly weak than deliberately sinful, and he had scarcely counted the cost of his association with Cecil Denny, since the suralso found her conqueror. When Orme sent prise of meeting her and the flattery of dis covering that she still loved him. returned toward her side, he had decided that he could not cast such beauty, and love, and fortune away, and that he loved her enough to warrant any deception he might be called upon to practice toward her.

But these reflections were interrupted by the sight of Southwick Rollins talking to his cousin and the awful horror paling her face. The next moment Cecil had disappeared through the low window with an imperious ommand to Rollins not to follow her.

Vachel recognized the man who had been Cecil's lover, before himself had come between them, and guessed what awful truth this cousin of hers had told Miss Denny; and, avoiding a meeting with him, Orme hurried to the piazza, and followed the lightly-clad form that flitted down the shady street to the bay. He knew it was Cecil-knew, also, in that mo-

ment, that he could not give her up. She had reached the deserted little pier before he gained her side, and there in the mocking moonlight they looked into each other's eyes. His did not fall, guiltily, as they should have done, for hers were not full of the proud contempt he had expected from Cecil Denny, only of an unutterable anguish that startled

"Is it true, Vachel, what I have heard of you—that you can be nothing to me?" she said

at length, slowly. "It is true that I am married. Cecil, sweet, forgive me! See, I implore your pardon, for have I not loved you? Could I be blamed for accepting your love? Tell me you pardon me! Say one sweet word, Cecil!

"I have nothing to forgive. I knew always that you were wicked, and weak, and not worthy my love; but I could not conquer my folly, and now I have come to the end of my wretched destiny. I only want to die, now!" Then let me die with you, Cecil, for life

without you would be one eternal death! You are mine, mine, and yet I cannot have you!" He grasped her hands flercely a moment, then flung them from him and paced back and forth upon the tiny pier.

Even in that moment of supreme agony for herself and love for him, Cecil Denny could not drown the consciousness that Vachel Orme was acting; and now there was not herself alone to think of, but the woman she had been unconsciously wronging; she must not let him talk so to ber. "Mr. Orme, you must not speak again like that. Give me your arm, please, to the

He turned upon her, angrily.
"You do not love as I do, or you could not

be so cold! You have only played at love!only led me on!"

You can say that?" she said, in a voice of unutterable anguish. "I, Cecil Denny, have drowned womanliness, pride, self-respect, in my infatuation for you, until I cannot even cease to love you-a villain unmasked-and

He felt that she was drifting from him, and made one last effort to save the prize he coveted. "Cecil, this night in the sight of high heaven you have given yourself to me. Your soul will never let you repudiate the confessions you have made. In the eyes of the world alone, can you commit sin? Will you make my future purest heaven or hottest hell?"

Your future must be what you have made it. I shall never speak to you again. I forbid another word from you." And so they parted

But two men could not sleep that night, and so it happened that both heard the wild cry that ran up from the bay, at dawn. wick Rollins, from where he smoked by his window, and Orme from his nook on a balcony, hastened to the pier. Miss Denny's maid "But I must be more like myself--practical. And now, glancing over this, I have balf a mind not to send it; but the thought strikes me that it is like myself--erratic, uneven, and oh, so incomplete! But as I like anything that is like you, I will try and hope you will like something that is like me. Ego-tistical, am I not? and the logic is very poor. However, this shall go and implore grace of you to bid me welcome when I follow it. Vachel Orme."

Ny mastened to the pier. Miss Denny's maid stood there, wringing her hands, and uttering scream after scream, while she watched a dark object that was drifting out to sea. Even as the men looked, the little craft was caught in the tumult of surf that rioted across the bar, ever, this shall go and implore grace of you to bid me welcome when I follow it. Vachel Orme." were stretched toward them, and in another moment the hungry rollers had grasped the

The maid's story was soon told: her mistress "How dare he write to me thus of the past?" had come in hurriedly from the dance and ask-"Because it was so sweet, Cecil; and I-do ed for pen and paper. Annette had given her believe that you loved me-I believe you love them, and after writing a few lines Miss Denny your pride by any avowal of my love, nor little boat that had been fastened by a long seek to win the bliss of one betraying glance of rope to the pier, and she saw them away off

Examination proved that the rope had been you. Surely you will not deny me this mer- cut; and that act together with the contents of the paper Miss Denny had written, showed how she had ended her destiny. -She had bequeathed all her property to the wife of Vachel Orme!

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A correspondent soliciting an answer to a business letter, writes: "Please do not answer on postal-card, as I do not like my private business to be known to the whole neighborhood.' A very proper request; but, a humiliating and provoking proof both of the impertinence of certain portions of "the public" and the gross violation of duty by the post office officials. A postal card should be as sacred to the mails as a letter, and as free from public or private espionage, and if it is not so there is but one person to blame, primarily, and that is the postmaster. In every instance where the contents of a postal card are made known to others, the betrayal of trust should immediately be reported to the Department.

The revival of the veritable "Injun Dick" was quite a surprise to readers, and a pleasant one too. That Dick Talbot should have survived the funeral pyre of Mt. Shasta was no more remarkable than his numerous remarkable previous escapes, and as it gave a fitting close to his career as "Injun Dick," and "Cherokee," it admirably covered his exit as Richard Talbot-more sinned against than sinning. The author, however, so loved his creation-for such it now stands out in American literature -that he conceived a new career in a new field, under a new and wholly impenetrable disguise, which it remained for "Velvet Hand" to reveal; and now that, as "Velvet Hand," he is no more, let not the reader be surprised if he is rehabilitated in guise and personage that will baffle penetration, in the new story, "Gold Dan," which Mr. Aiken is soon to give to the SATURDAY JOURNAL audience.

In the several "Libraries" now before the public the Sunnyside Library is certainly one of the most unique and attractive. It departs from the beaten track of "popular literature" in presenting the great poems and works of high imagination by authors whose name and fame are the sure heritage of genius. Moore, Byron, Milton, Scott, Owen Meredith, Tennyson, all are thus far represented in their most signal productions, and when the series departs from the poetic field to introduce the exquisite "Undine" of La Motte Fouque, it gives indications of a scope of selection that will give it peculiar interest, value and popularity. It deserves to be in every reader's hands.

Sunshine Papers. Homely But True.

THERE is a saying old and homely, but in trinsically true-that "Every tub must stand on its own bottom." This is metaphor, of course, and, as I previously intimated, metaphor couched in somewhat uncouth phraseolo gy; but it conveys a very pertinent truism, with which too few people familiarize them selves. Those who have heard the old proverb quoted are legion; but those who have made a digest of its meaning and a practical application of it to all their walks of life,

Spiritually, morally, mentally, and socially, every tub must stand on its own bottom; or, to translate more fully, every person must stand or fall, in each of these conditions, upon his own individual merits.

are sometimes hard to find.

In the church may be found numberless individuals who are regular at all devotional service, helpful in all money-making entertainments, and devoutly orthodox in all their opin-But, doubtless, their social circle lies within the church; the people whose good opinion they most desire to gain are among the working element of the sect; the persons whom they emulate, in dress, and style of living, and whose houses they desire to have open to them, are those who give considerable money toward the sustaining of the church, and encourage its efforts after financial ease through the medium of fairs and festivals. To be popular in the church, to attain prestige among its members, to have a society to dress for, and associate with, and visit among, is a necessity; nor is it entirely hypocritically gained. While these people are controlled by these circumstances, and actuated by the motives and feelings of those around them, they do, for the time, really feel and believe with them. But place them in a position foreign to any they have occupied heretofore; let them settle in a new country, where the controlling influences of society are not religious; or spend some time among individuals whose favor they court but whose manners and theories are in direct opposition to piety and orthodoxy; how will their spiritual atmosphere. Why, the props having been removed they will fall this way or that in accordance with the views prevalent about them. They thought they were Christians; but they were not tubs standing on a personal and sure foundation. As long as die and be an angel." Christianity was predominant all about them, they were affected by it; but the moment the

supports were gone, they were weakly at the mercy of the newest influence, no matter how widely at variance from their previous beliefs.

So, morally, people depend upon others for support instead of standing upon their own personal convictions and integrity. Mr. B. feels an inward conviction that every kind of gambling is dishonest; that to make use of another person's property put under his protec-tion, without that person's permission, is criminal; that to evade the payment of debt by legal chicanery is contemptible. He knows full weil the true meaning of honesty, uprightness, manliness, and independence; but instead of taking them for the foundation stones of his life's structure, he miserably seeks to uphold himself upon the works of others and says, in weak excuse, "Fortunes have been made in this way; these deeds have been committed and repaired without harm; wealth and position have been often thus retained; other men more rich, more prominent, more high in social estimation, have done these deeds and have not lowered themselves. Why should not I."

But it is not true! Never yet man did vio-lence to his knowledge of good and evil without lowering himself; and there will come a time when, judged not by other people's actions, but by his own, he will be weighed in the balance and found wanting.

There are people who never have opinions of their own, who never think out a subject for themselves, but accept as their own convic tions those of other people and allow all their codes of life to be formed by some one else's idea of right and wrong. Others there are who think to be estimated at their true worth by their dress, their manners, their style of liv ing, their equipages or houses. Others fondly believe that travel or wealth will secure them prestige. Some persons are eternally quoting My cousin, the Hon. Mr. So-and-So;" "My friend, the wealthy Mrs. D.;" or, "My uncle, the Governor of Ballahoo," and so hope to be estimated more highly because of relations or acquaintances

But it is all vain! At every risk, be true to self; be independent; stand by your own con vict.ons, though they differ from all the world; rank the approval of your own soul beyond earthly goods; and hold yourself too high for any accidents of wealth, position, or success, to lower or elevate you. For, after all, from birth to death, in time and eternity, your true value is based upon what you are; and what you have seemed, or how you have been related, socially, mentally, morally or spiritually to others, will count for naught.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

A NERVOUS HEADACHE.

WERE you ever afflicted with a nervous neadache? I don't mean one of those simple attacks that people have so conveniently when they are not desirous of seeing certain individuals, or to escape some disagreeable task; but an upright and downright nervous, snapping headache. I say "snapping," for that seems to express the exact sensation. The head feels as though it would snip asunder, and you feel like snapping at everything and at everybody. You arise in the morning and think you may manage to eat something, but you no sooner get to the table than you think you never saw edibles look so disagreeable or less tempting, and when you rise from the table, leaving the meal untasted, some one is cruel enough to tell you that if you would eat a little you will feel better, when you know you will feel nothing of the sort.

You lie down on the lounge, and, after striving to think of something pleasanter than your poor aching head, you are just entering that abode of peace, dreamland, when some one comes to your side and asks you if you feel better, and if there is anything one can do for your relief. The spirit of resentment seems to enter into your composition, and you are tempted to cry, "All I want is to be let alone," thing about quiet and a little sleep being all you

Again you near the borders of dreamland when you are awakened by a fearful crash. What was it? Had the house been blown over? Had an earthquake visited this land? No. Some one has merely dropped a book; but at such a time a small noise is a thunder-crash. You vow that people take delight in dropping books, slamming doors or causing a general hubbub when one wants to go to sleep; we exaggerate everything at such a time, even to our own further discomfort.

You forget about the book and go to counting the birds and flowers on the wall paper until the eyes again close and a feeling of sweet calm -of real delight-comes over you. Rest, at last, is yours, and you are floating over Arcadian streams, when some one comes punching around you, and you open your eyes in wild despair to see mother or sister feeling under you and saying, "Did I leave my scarf under Of course they didn't, and of course they find it on the table before their eyes! Why couldn't they have looked there first and thus have saved you the torment of being aroused from your needed slumber?

Maybe brother Tom will crack nuts, popcorn or mend the saw while you are wooing re pose, and then don't you "Oh, for a lodge in ome vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade," and all the rest of it? And when the rasping of steel grates on your ear. and you cannot help giving vent to an agonizgroan, brother Tom exclaims, "Some tolks think the world must cease revolving, just because some folks have a slight head-

Slight headache indeed! When your temples are throbbing, and your brain in a whirl of confusion! Well, you think every one is heartless and never think you may be too exacting. So the day passes, by fits and starts. until evening is at hand and they light the lamp, which glares directly in your face; then some mournful visitor drops in and cheers you up by remarking that she once knew a girl who was laid up for weeks, whose sickness commenced in just such a way as yours; and also comforts you by talking of death and the grave, and what a sweet new thing John Chizzlefile has in the way of tombstones, and ends by singing one of the most doleful, dismal hymns one could imagine, and keeping you wake and filling your mind with direful thoughts.

But, at last, patience ceases to be a virtue. and you think that frail mortality can bear something but not all. You arise from your couch and some one sweetly asks, "Why,

where are you going?" You answer, "I'm going to die and be an these pliable creatures meet the change in their spiritual atmosphere. Why, the props memory. I'm going to a land where books are not dropped, or folks punched, or where filing of saws is not known-where doleful hymns are unsung when one is sick-to a land where I can be let alone. Yes, I'm going to

EVE LAWLESS. every day.

Foolscap Papers.

Haps and Mishaps at Niagara. FIVE weeks ago I first saw Niagara Falls. had never made its acquaintance before. I guess it was as much surprised at my appearance as I was at its. I could not see where all the wa er came from, and thought that it would never stop tumbling over.

I stood in awe and wonder-and a pair of new boots that pinched. I swallowed it all. I took it all in. As the world of waters went down, my sensitive spirits went up. I was so taken up with the wonderful sight that I did not notice a fat man standing on my toe—he did not notice the toe. I felt like yelling out, in the exuberance of my spirits, "Hoopee! Jones' mill-dam was nothing to it. I could not stand the pressure; the spirit of poetry seized me. I asked the crowd to stand a little back, and on a piece of brown paper which was wrapped around my cheese I wrote the following ode to Niagara:

Hail, Niagara, and rain!
Thunder and storm and pour,
Tumble, thou glant of tumblers,
Full to the brim evermore;
Glorious gloriosity!
Tremendous tremendiosity!!
Perpendicular up-and-downness,
Irresistible swash!
Who shall say thou art hosh Who shall say thou art bosh, Great awe-manu acturing Gush!

Thunder, thunder and lightning!
Jewbillikens and blue blazes,
Rainbows around thee are brighteningThe placiest place of all places!
So full of cataraction And misty wet attraction; And what a grand array

Of grandeur clusters around thee And hotels at five dollars a day! Great grumbler and rumbler,
Thou slippest off thy walls;
What a fall is here, my countrymen!
In truth here everything is false,
Avast there, old vastness,
And shake, thou giant Shaker!
Fume and splash and splutter
And quake away, old Quaker!

This poem was never published before, and was only offered to a few editors. The editor of the Atlantic said it was too far in advance of the age, and that the class of people who take the magazine would fail to see all the

beauties of the ode. So rapt was I gazing at the falls that the fellow who took my pocket-book out of my best pocket did not arouse me. It contained fifty dollars. It would have troubled me a good deal but it happened to be money which I had borrowed, and of course was not my loss. I did not have to pay it back. I had my other money in the lining of my coat, the proceeds of a speculation in coon-skins.

The spray fell upon the nap of my white beaver and dampened my long-tailed gray coat, which my grandfather had left me, but I did not care for that. I even failed to raise my umbrella which had three good ribs. I did not notice that my boots were enveloped in mud, though it would have had to be high to reach my pants. My white cotton gloves were unsoiled.

While standing there a very polite gentle tleman came up to me—recognizing me per-haps—and kindly asked me to get into his carriage and take a ride with him. I thanked him warmly and accepted his gracious invitation. We went around to a great many points of interest and I enjoyed the honor very much, but when we came back he asked me for ten dollars.

When I wanted to know what that was for, he said to pay for the carriage. I told him I hadn't hired it. Man got saucy. my carpet sack and umbrella down. Introed myself to driver as John C. Heenan. He thought it was the same; had me arrested and fined twenty-five dollars, but it was worth it.

Crossed over into Canada. Polite revenu officer said he would have to examine my carpet-sack, as it might contain something contraband. People of late had got to smug ling threshing-machines, pile-drivers, cider-mills etc. over in carpets-sacks, and they must put a stop to it. He took my carpet-sack, opened it and took out one shirt with the white considerably worn off, two pairs of socks, not turned, one paper collar worn only on one side, and a small vial of-of brandy, which always take along when I travel, in case I should meet somebody who would need it. He drank the brandy to see if it was dutiable or not, but said he couldn't allow a washing to come into the Queen's dominions without extra duty. It was a disgrace to her majesty. I apologized and told him I would have had all those things washed two or three weeks before if I had known I was coming over. He got facetious and hinted that if I would plant corn on those clothes I would raise a crop for market. This riled me, and for a moment it ooked as if I would become involved in complications with Great Britain. But he told me to pack up my wardrobe and he wouldn't charge me anything that time.

Got a drink of lemonade with no lemon in it, twenty cents; also got dish of ice-cream without ice or cream. Sneezed and they charged me a quarter. Hackman wanted two dollars to take me up to Falls; told him I didn't want to buy the team. Cost me only one dollar to walk.

Shirt in carpet-sack all mashed up by hacknen pulling at it to get me to get in. handle pulled off. One backman pulled too ard and carried his nose off for repairs.

Got boots blacked; bootblack calculated the discount, and gave me the change-a little Smart boy. Had photograph taken with the Falls pouring

down at my back. Somebody pointed to mouth and asked if that wasn't the Cave of the Winds. Picture spoiled by presence of unentimental bootblack in it, poking fun and making faces: wasn't discovered till too late. umbrella. Wrung myself out, and sat on a

spension bridge was on; said he'd take me there and show me for five dollars. Preferred emaining in ignorance and money. For askng a native how far a mile was from there, he harged me forty cents, and then told a lie Was arrested by two fellows who said they

rock to dry. Carpet-sack saved.

had an extradition requisition for me, charged with leaving the United States to get away from creditors. Frightened to death. Compromised for ten dollars. Asked a fellow if those Falls were ever

dammed. He said yes, every day. Took a lady's arm and helped her across

ie and be an angel."

And, to show your angelic disposition, you his wife and that he allowed no man to impose have badly. All are present needs are contained by the contained "grab" a lamp and rush straightway to your politeness on her, and he went for me, that is,

room, lock the door and go to bed, and to he inadvertently went for about as much of sleep at last. The next morning you are all me as he could get, and in the trouble I stabbed right, while you and everybody inwardly re-joice that you don't have a nervous headache and left him in the hands of his friends. It began to look to me as if the Falls were the

least possible feature of a trip to Niagara.

I was induced to enter the Cave-of-the Winds and put on an oil-cloth suit that made me look as pretty as a captain of a fishing-smack in a storm. The guide took me by the hand and pulled me along, but the waters were tumbling overhead, and I wanted to wait till they quit, but he urged me along. I was not in a hurry. I was not scared, but I was feerfully unbrave. I always was afraid of water. I said I would rather send some one else. The driving spray took my breath. I trembled. I said I would cave without going any further Didn't like for water to be so far over my head. My feet kept slipping out from under my body, and I was not self-supporting; and I was near ly drowned. Backed out from going any further and told the guide just to set any other day but that one and I would be on hand, sure. He finally smiled and led me back. He was a regular water-fiend and I had much respect for him. He charged me two dollars for ot going clear in. I was not at all alarmed, but I was dreadfully afraid I would be.

A native was telling me that he had once walked across the Falls on a rope, laid down and took a nap on it, wheeled himself over on a wheelbarrow, walked across it on his hands, and on stilts, and when he said one shore-end of the rope broke and he ran back so fast to the other end that he got there without any accident, and askel me if I had an extra dollar, I said he was a fraud, and I was obliged to pull off my coat to prove it.

The Niagara Falls are a success, and the lim-

ited means they employ to get your money is not a failure.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

-The German Government has lately demonetized the one-sixth-thaler pieces, and is now exchanging them at the post-offices for the new Imperial coins. When these shall have all been called in, the only coins of the old system still remaining in circulation will be the onethaler pieces.

—The young princess Mercedes de Montpensier, the future queen of Spain, is the possessor of a lively disposition and much intelligence. Her features are Spanish, even to the dark hue of her complexion, and her education is French. It is romantically said that King Alfonso has been attached to her from childhood.

-As indicative of the benefits which a fash onable summer resort confer upon women, we have this item: "It is incredible the amount of interest which the ladies at Saratoga take in the races. Not only do they go to the races, but they also bet, and bet largely, and become thoroughly posted on the winning horses." -The recent race for the amateur champion-

ship of the Thames seems to show that skill in rowing is a distinctly transmittable quality. T. L. Playford, who was the winner for the third time, is the son of Francis Playford, who won the Wingfield Sculls in 1849, and nephew of Herbert Playford, who was the champion in

-At the close of the first centennial of the —At the close of the first centennial of the United States, there were 25,717,907 hogs in the whole country; 15,963,100 were in or en route to Cincinnati, and the rest chiefly between St. Louis and Chicago. This is less than two-thirds of a hog to a citizen.

-The great want in New York is civility in trade. Stewart, a short time before he died, said that one of the great plagues of his life was to find a salesman that would be civil to poor people who wanted a few needles and some tape. To ladies that traded in satins and laces men would be polite. But the same salesman would snub a small buyer. It is the universal complaint that officials are impertinent. One can hardly get a civil answer in

-Miss Von Hillern, the pedestrian, when preparing for a walk rises at 5 A.M., eats two raw eggs. and walks ten miles, returning to her oath and a hearty breakfast of rare beef, boiled potatoes, oatmeal and stale bread. After this she rests until one o'clock, when she takes a fif-teen mile walk, dining on roast beef and potatoes, following with a light tea, and retiring at ten P.M. under all circumstances. During he walks she relies on beef tea and the raw yolk of eggs for nourishment, quenching her thirst with seltzer and prune water.

-A "society for the mental improvement of cats" has been formed in Belgium. This is a good move. Teach a cat that it is an exhibition f bad manners and ill-breeding to sit on a back fence and sing the "Star Spangled Banner" until an hour after midnight, or discuss the President's Southern policy with several of its friends until the same hour, and the rain of bootjacks, shaving-cups, profanity, empty bot-tles, and such things, from second and third story windows will immediately cease.

-Near the city of Moyobamba, Peru, ha een discovered a tree called the tamia caspi or rain-tree." It absorbs the moisture of tmosphere, which it concentrates, and subsequently pours it forth from its leaves and branch es in such quantities that, in many cases, the sur-rounding soil is converted into a bog, and it seems to possess this power to a greater degree during the dry, hot weather, when water is most scarce. The culture of these trees in arid wastes is recommended to the Peruvian Government.

L. Bertaccini, the man-horse is to appear at Brussels, on the Plaine des Manœuvres, where he challenges any pedestrian to run him twelve and a half miles, or any mounted man to a race and a half miles, or any mounted man to a race of six times that distance. He claims to have run from Valence to Lyons and back, about one hundred and twenty-five miles, in eleven hours and at Paris, Dec. 28, 1876, at the Skating Palace, to have made sixteen miles in an hour and twenty-five minutes. At Marseilles he beat a horse in a race forty times the circuit of the Hippodrome, and at Rome was successful in a similar match.

The term "Hoodlum," which has figured prominently of late in dispatches from San Francisco is thus explained: "Hoodlum" is a word used on the Pacific coast as a descriptive term for idle young rowdies of the kind that make up the gangs of "corner loungers" of our Atlantic cities. They stand about in groups in the disorderly parts of all towns, and are very free with their foul tongues in making offensive entimental bootblack in it, poking fun and naking faces; wasn't discovered till too late.

While below looking up at Falls slipped off rock and fell in the river; broke a rib—of mbrella. Wrung myself out, and sat on a ock to dry. Carpet-sack saved.

Asked hackman what side of the river the uspension bridge was on; said he'd take me

-Brigham Young was the father of fifty-six children, and left seventeen wives, sixteen sons, and twenty-eight daughters. His will aims to make an equitable division of the property between all the wives and children, with no pre-ference to any. Most all of them have already had something deeded to them. On this a valu-ation was set, and it is to be charged to the re-cipients as part of their share though not process. cipients as part of their share, though not necessarily at the valuation he put on it. That is to be equitably adjusted when the estate is divided, upon the youngest child coming of age. Meanwhile the income is to go to the various mothers according to the number of their children, and they can withhold it if the children between the children the children between the children the children between the children the chi All are provided for as far as their sare concerned.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Strangely Reunited;" "Six Old Bachelors;" "The Water Child;" "The Flash of Lightning;" "A Quick-step;" "Love in the Dark;" "A Specimen Aunt (Ant);" "The Hat of the Year;" "Guessing at a Mask."

Accepted: "Over the Gate;" "Two Lives;" "The Angel and Demon:" "Will the Shadow be Lifted, etc.," "The Spirit Beloved;" "A Confession;" "Home Song;" "Better for Both;" "Song;" "Lines for an Aibum."

CONSTANT READER, Marblehead. Excuse us from E. H. Use poem with slight modifications. Its sentiment is very good.

L. S. Sketch decidedly immature. You'll do bet-ter when several years older.

JNO. S. G. We do not care to see the MSS. Can only use the best. You evidently are quite inexonly use the best. a serienced as a writer.

HENRY M. The Lone Star State was so named when Texas struck for independence, and erected the standard of revolt against Mexico.

VELVET HAND FRED. Gun-barrels are browned cometimes in a furnace, but commonly by a wash of weak acid. Any gunsmith will give you the

HARRY. We certainly do not advise any young American to go, a stranger, to foreign lands merely to find work. This land is that which will do best by you, in the long run. Simply keep on trying and you'll hit on something that will pay to strive for. Can't you teach? Try that, Australia is no more to be compared to Indiana than a Hottentot to a Hoosier.

Teacher. No help for the matter; we can suggest no "remedy." School-books ought to be the cheapest of all books, since they are manufactured and sold by the tens of thousands. That they are the dearest of all books is owing to the combination of publishers and to the want of combination among school superintendents to resist the outrageous extortion—for that is just what it is.

EMMA OSBORNE. The "prevailing color for fall' is a new, bright shade of red; of course this refers only to trimmings and adornments. All dark, new shades of dress goods can be seen at the large drygoods houses; or sam; les will be sent you upon application by mail.—Polonaises and Princess dresses are still the fashion—to be worn over perfectly plain underskirts. Square-necked dresses, worn over high chemisettes, with gold studs and standing linen collars, are quite the style.

ing linen collars, are quite the style.

F. M. D. You are mistaken; Flora and Florence are distinct names. Flora is an ancient Roman name. In mythology she was the goddess of flowers and gardens; hence Flora is "emblematic of beauty," or "a flower." Florence means "flourishing." "Flo" is not an objectionable nickname, but to be called by the entire name, Florence, is better.—You should never write to a person asking a favor of them which will compel a reply without inclosing a stamp for return postage.

ADA F., Poughkeepsie, "sks: "What is the differ-And F., Poughkeepsie, "sks:" What is the difference between a cameo and an intaglio, and what kind of stones are they?" Cameos and intaglios are not stones at all, but are terms signifying the kind of workmanshiy used upor stones. A cameo is a stone cut so that the figure stands out in relief. An intaglio is a stone cut in such manner that the figure is sunk in. Onyx and agates are used principally for intaglios and cameos, becaute of their layers of color which leave the figure and the background quite distinct in hue.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA. The German military system is the most rigorous of all the countries of Europe. In event of war every able man is liable to service, in some capacity. The Russian, Austrian and French systems enroll all classes, but trian and French systems enroll all classes, but none have the strength, the reserve resource, and the field quality of that of Prussia. England's land force is vastly inferior to that of Prussia in organization and efficiency, but her naval force is the best in the world. As to Universities, those of Germany and England are each superior in their way and very unlike in their management, so as not to be comparable.

Marie says: "I come to you again, trusting you will favor me with your attention. Is it proper and discreet for a young lady to travel with a young gentleman friend of the family, for a few days only? Please give me a recipe for making Marsh Mallow Drops. Does a brunette look well in pearl color? Many thanks for your courteous attention to cortespondents." It is proper for a young lady, nowadays, when American girls are so sensible and admirably able to look out for themselves, to travel with brother, cousin, or any relative, or with a betrothed; though time was when a chaperone was considered necessary even in such c ses; but whether it is just the thing for her to travel with a gentleman friend must depend entirely upon his character, the intimacy which exists between him and her family, the kind of trip it is to be, etc., and may better be determined by the young lady and her mother, or some sensible elderly friend. If all circumstances favor the acceptance of such a holiday, when the interest was the work of the properties. umstances favor the acceptance of such a holiday, by, take it, and enjoy it.—We cannot give you the

trimmings of bright pink, rose, cherry, cardinal, butteicup color, etc.

"Mother Goose," To make "moss-mats," select four handsome shades of green single zephyr wools—varying from very light to dark. You will need one ounce of each shade, four ounces in all, to make one mat. Cut your wool in long strands of six threads. With a bobbin or shuttle, such as is used for tatting, work along these strands, leaving each stitch one-third of an inch apart. In this way use up an ounce of the darkest wool, which we will call number one, an ounce of number two, all but a trifle of number three, and about two thirds of number four. From what remains of numbers three and four crochet a flat mat about the size of a tea-plate. Then carefully cut all the little knots in your four ounces of tied wools, carefully leaving the connecting thread left by the shuttle. You then have long strings covered with tiny tufts of wool. Sew these in loops, about a finger long, to the edge of your mat, and keep sewing around, in close rows, until you have used all of your four ounces of wools, leaving space in the middle to stand in a lamp, card-receiver, or whatever orhament you desire. The colors shade from the outside to the center—dark to light. When the whole mass is shaken fluffily up it forms an exquisite mat. Blues, reds, yellows, greens, or wood colors, are equally pretty wools to use in this manner.

Anxious Mother says: "I have four daughters. The two elder are as good girls as parents could desire; but the younger are a source of great anxiety to myself and husband. We are wealthy, and they have every advantage of a beautiful home, excellent society, and the best schools. It seems as if they ought to grow up well-educated, intelligent, and refined gentlewomen. Instead, they give indications of becoming a reproach to their family. What they study they learn superficially, and care nothing tor school. Their heads seem quite filled with thoughts of dress, the trashlest literature, and nothing for school. Their heads seem quite filled with thoughts of dress, the trashiest literature, and young men—or rather, boys. They never walk to or from school without being accompanied by two or three young fellows; and I have heard, several times, of their forming acquaintances with utter strangers, and making appointments to meet them upon the public promenades, and in art galleries, and ice-cream saloons. The elder sisters have scolded them, and I have talked to them, repeatedly; but they are bound to have what they call 'a good time.' I have spared their fathera great deal of this knowledge, knowing t at he would be extremely angry, which would, really, have no more effect upon them than my reasoning. I do not like to send them away from my care to a boarding-school; but 'What shall I do? has become the tormenting question of my life." We would advise you to secure an excellent resident tutor or governess, or some competent teachers who will visit them at set hours and attend to their studies. Then see that the girls go out, once or twice daily, but always in the company of an elder sister, a teacher, or, if possible, yourself. Select plenty of the best attractive reading matter, in books and magazines, and keep where they will have easy access to it. Invite young companions, frequently, to the house; but only those of whose character you are well assured. Try by personal supervision to interest the girls in their studies, or some particular study; and perhaps making the gift of some desired article dependent upon proficiency in lessons nothing for school. Their heads seem quite filled with thoughts of dress, the trashiest literature, and lar study; and perhaps making the gift of some de-sired article dependent upon proficiency in lessons will stimulate them to greater efforts. It would be will stimulate them to greater efforts. It would be well to detail to each girl a daily performance of certain household duties, and insist upon their careful fulfillment; and otherwise see that their time is fully employed upon plain and fancy needle-work, and other duties. It would be well if you could arrange to have them read interesting literature about to you, an hour or two daily By restricting them to kindly, loving and refining influences, you may succeed in shaping their characters as you desire. Try to instill in them that womanly pride and self-respect which will make them anxious to avoid companions and manners that will cheapen them in their own esteem. them in their own esteem.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

TWO LIVES.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

Over the way there is a lonely gray mansion, Standing in silence and grandeur alone; And in it there dwells two world-weary women, Women from whom youth and beauty have flown.

No light and no love but a cold, gloomy splendor Wraps like a cloud the house over the way, And something about the two owners whispers Of a wrong pathway taken in youth s sunny May.

Far back in the years, ere stern Time's desolation Had cast its dark shadows o'er youth's rosy morn, Two maidens were choosing from life s many path-

ways The one they should travel, with love or alone. At the feet of sweet Winnie, the youngest and fairest, Were laid two bright offerings, man's homage to

one told of land, and of gems, and old titles, The other of nothing but true earnest love. Sweet is love's music, but a diamond's cold luster Blinded young eyes, and the heart would not

speak; And Winnie's gold curls wore the jewels of fortune, And then she remembered that hearts sometimes

Beautiful Vashti, the proud, silent sister— Vashti, who scorned the wild impulse of love, And closed her proud heart to the loved and the loving, For the sake of the praise that is genius' treas-

And without a loved ne to caress or to cheer her, She climbed the high mount to Fame's glittering tower, And learned when weary she paused at the summit. That Fame is a garland that fades in an hour.

Fame gone, all is gone; no one to love her— No one to cherish her now she is old; And Vashti and Winnie learned through years of That peace is not purchased with honor or gold.

And now they are waiting, gray-haired and forsaken— Waiting Time's sickle to sever Earth's hold, 'ashti, who trampled all else for Fame's plaudits, And Winnie who sold her bright beauty for gold.

Oh! bitter the ashes of life's disappointments! For we learn when too late which course to pursue: And heart-sore and weary we lay down life's burdens With the hope of His mercy forever in view.

Her Brief Idyl.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

YELLOW-WHITE sands glittering in the cool sunlight. Beyond, the majestic sweep and swell of the Atlantic, its blue-green waves dashing in ceaseless, thunderous foam-wreaths on the beach.

Nearer, the other side the wide carriage drive that ran parallel with the ocean front, was the wide reach of emerald tufted lawn, dotted with trees, and flowering shrubs, divided by footpaths and the carriage-way, and inclosed by the rustic fence that extended so far along Ocean avenue that people invariably asked who it was owned such a large estate.

The house itself stood in the direct center of the grounds, like a jewel in its casket-a large, imposing, magnificent residence, built for a seaside home, with its treble row of verandas, its large observatory, its airy windows. It was furnished elaborately, with costly carpets, furniture, paintings, statuary, lace draperies—for Cecil Conway did not want to enjoy her summer-house amid a paucity of the elegances of life to which she had been al-

ways accustomed She was a grand, splendid woman—this pet of fortune, this Cecil Conway, whose possessions were fabulous, almost, whose personal charms were many, whose intellectual and social acquirements were as nearly perfection as ever woman's attainments were. But-rich. handsome, cultured though she was, she was unmarried, to the surprise unspeakable of every one who knew her.

looking out across lawn and drive and sands, at the ceaseless swell and low, thunderous surge of the ocean, her thoughtful gray eyes following line after line of foamy breakers as they tumbled in mad riot on the beach-she was sitting in her especial chair-a low bamboo rocker, against which her royally-poised head was leaning languidly, tiredly. You could see what a glorious creation she waswhat perfect curve of limb and hauteur of grace and high-toned nobility of soul there was; you could tell from her attire-so plain and exquisitely suitable, that her tastes were cultured and womanly; and you also might have told, had you been an observant reader of faces, that the wistfulness in Cecil Conway's gray eyes, the weary curve of her perfect lips, the relaxed position of her graceful form, all meant that away down in her heart there was

And there had been incompleteness for years. Cecil was thinking of it this lovely, slumberous summer afternoon; thinking of it, not with sickly sentimentalism, for she was not the wo man to yield to such morbidity of soul, but going over all that past when she had been intoxicated with the joys and hopes that come once, if not oftener, to all women's hearts.

Of course it had been a love romance-sitting in that selfsame bamboo rocker, looking out on the same eternity of ceaseless wave and wash, Cecil Conway, eight years ago, when the perfect blush and bloom of womanhood at twenty-two was upon her, had thought that life's goldenest, rosiest vistas were opening before her-that the gates of highest human happiness were unfolding before her at the masterful touch of Dr. Garland's hand,

And now, when her thirtieth birthday had come and gone, she knew how she had been disappointed, how Arch Garland had looked unutterable things in her eyes, and held the cup of happiness to her parched, eager lips, and then-vanished from her life like a meteor into the darkness of the horizon.

She had once or twice heard of him since the day—the night he had left her, without a hint of farewell, without a syllable of his intentions. She had heard of him in Washington, popular, courted, admired as he invariably was wher ever he went. Then, once she had seen some one who had seen him briefly, and she learned that he was well and as usual. But beyond that there were no other oases in her desert of painful memories.

Until to-day. Ten minutes ago, Mamie Fletcher had tossed the lines of her ponies and phaeton to her groom, and came eagerly up the walk to Cecil's door—a pretty, dashing brunette in pale pink organdy and black vel-

"Such glorious news, Miss Conway! Papa and Philip are coming to-night, and in papa's letter he told me to be sure to tell you that a great friend of Philip's was coming with them
—Dr. Garland, also an old friend of yours."

A paleness of Cecil's always exquisitely fair complexion, a sudden darkening of the irises of her wistful gray eyes, were the only tokens she gave that the news had touched her with agonizing pain mingled with mad, blissful rap ture—tokens that Miss Fletcher was too girlishly indifferent to observe.

I wondered if papa hadn't made a mistake,

was exquisitely straightforward and honest.

him for his kindness in sending me word, and do not let me detain you from your drive any longer. So much obliged that you took the trouble to stop."

believe the years had found him, one by one, as they had found her, tender and true.

All of a sudden, a burst of sunlight stream-

Somehow she got the girl away, and then she went up to her own room-a broad, wide chamber, dainty, airy, shady, that overlooked the ocean; with a wide veranda all around it where luxuriant vines rioted in leafy growth, where rustic baskets, feathery with plumy foliage, gorgeous with variegated blossoms, swayed to and fro in the cool, salt breeze.

Inside the door, she shut and locked it, and then, alone, Cecil Conway, proud, dignified, self-possessed, clenched her fair strengthful hands in a clasp that was pure physical agony; and bowed her royal head on her breast, and walked up and down, up and down, fighting all the upspringing memories that had come trooping, like revived ghosts, at the sound of the name of the man she had worshiped.

Oh, she had loved him so entirely, so utterly He had commanded every fiber of her naturemental, by his over-masterful intellect; moral by his lordly will; physical, by his splendid beauty, his rare, passionful tenderness, every word, every look, every act of which had seemed to her a caress. She had crowned him her king; she had through him in the holy of holies of her heart; she had made him the living, breathing realization of that which woman so rarely finds—her ideal lover; and then, after all that, she had seen that her idol was of common clay, because he had left her so cruelly, oh, so cruelly!

And now, he was coming where she was again, where she would hear the voice that used to thrill her to her very soul; where she would see the godlike face that never was turned toward her but that an ecstatic thanksgiving went up from her heart that it was given her to have found favor in his sight. He was coming! The man she had loved so madly, the man for whose sake no other love could ever be tolerated by her, the man who

That was the most exceedingly bitter drop in her cup—Dr. Garland had left her, without word, without a hint, without a farewell; left her to a desolation he must have known

was appallingly awful. But she had gone through those early days of sharpest suffering; she had lived until calm ness and endurance had come to be matters of fact, until she had even learned to think that a quiet happiness was possible even to her, who should go through life unmated, unwon, cause her mate had won her to throw her aside

as worthless. But now, into that comparative calmness of content, into that passivity she had called hap-piness, had suddenly, sharply, come a feverish-ness of pain, and ecstasy, and vague longing. He was coming; she would see him within forty-eight hours, for never a day passed that she and the Fletchers did not meet, and she would not have had the usual custom broken

for appearance's sake, for pride's sake.

That was the one burden of thought on her mind, that had eclipsed all other thoughtswould see him soon, hear him speak, touch his

hand. "If only, if only I can school myself into calmness and the indifference he deserves, for my own sake, I should show him. Only let it come to me in full force—how he cruelly left me, without so much as the coolest farewell that almost strangers would have accorded one another-just let me remember that, when we meet, and it will stifle this other feeling that

that is undying as the soul that suffers it.' She had ceased her slow, monotonous pron nade; her hands had unclasped; and her head was lifted off her breast, so that all its suffering, and pride, and determination, were seen at a glance at its paleness and at the sweet, yearn ing eyes. She sat down, wearily, in a low rus-tic chair, where she could reach her little pearl and ebon writing-case, her jewel-safe, its many hidden, unsuspected compartments, where she could look between the floating meshes of foamy lace curtains, and swinging vines and swaying baskets, out on the gay avenue below, at the ceaseless sea beyond, gleaming and glittering in the slanting afternoon sun-There was a purple-gray dimness away off at the horizon, and a thin, delicate haze creeping into the sunshine; all over the face of the ocean were riding white caps of foam; low, half-hushed, half-angry bursts of wind surged around the house every few minutes, like a

voice of ill-suppressed passion. Almost mechanically Cecil thought of the storm that was brooding; then she remembered that the night when Dr. Garland had gone away, eight years before, there had come up a sudden, violent thunder-storm and heavy, sweeping gusts: and now, he was to cross her path again in the wake of another storm. Was it typical? Had it been prophetical, she asked herself, as, half mechanically, half languidly, she drew her chair nearer her jewel-safe, to select her ornaments for the evening? There was a hushed, suppressed look in her eyes, and on her face, as she laid out drawer after drawer on her lap-pearls reposing cosily on one velvet tray, rare diamonds on another, scintillating amethysts, blood-hearted rubies, blueeyed sapphires, great sparkling emeralds, on

Then, she suddenly paused as she came to the very deepest tray, one that was empty, but which she knew covered the bottom of the safe, whereon had lain, in silence and darkness, one suit of ornaments she had never worn, never seen, never wanted to touch, since she had torn them off, a night, eight years ago, when she learned the fate that had come to

But, somehow, now she felt an unconquerable desire to get them out, to put them on; and with almost a little shiver of excitement, her fair cold fingers, that trembled in spite of herself, lifted the lowermost azure velvet tray to see—the exquisitely carved gold chain, the heavy gold cross, corruscating with diamonds, the pendants for her dainty ears, the circlets for her smooth, white wrists-and-and-a letter addressed to her, to Cecil Conway, in Arch Garland's hand; a sealed letter, of whose existence she had never known—of the mystery

of whose hiding she had never dreamed. A sudden gasping sound came to her lips as

all the hours of that evening, sending apolo-"Oh, yes, I knew him very intimately at gies to her callers and her permanent guests, one time—years ago, when you were a tiny not daring to show her face to mortal eyes, girl. Mamie, dear, tell your father I thank and trying to understand bow it would all come about, trying to think if she could dare

ed through the fast-gathering clouds; and at the selfsame moment there swept over Cecil Conway's face a radiance, an ecstasy, a brilliance that almost glorified her; for it had come to her, with a force she could not understand, that when he came to her, or when they met, she would explain it all, and then-then-

She slept tranquilly as a babe that night. Outside thunder rolled and lightning gleamed, and the ocean roared like furious beasts, and the wind and rain tairly buffeted the windows of her room; but Cecil slept well, with Arch Garland's precious letter under her fair cheek, with the glorious hope of the morrow irradiating even her dreams with a halo of happiness.

And the morrow brought him; not morning or afternoon, but, just as she had expected, he came in the late evening, with the Fletcherscame, and found her in her rare, sweet beauty, and suppressed excitement of patient waiting, and rosy glory of hope, and faith, and glad-

Their hands met in a pleasant, friendly welcoming clasp. His splendid, masterful eyes looked down in hers, his per ext month smiled just as it did years ago when Cecil had so pined for its kisses.

"How unchanged the years have left you! I cannot realize it is nearly a decade since we used to be so much together. Those were leasant times, Cecil.' Her heart was throbbing fiercely at sound of

his voice, at sound of her name, "Yes, I remember them as very pleasant, and now, as then, I remain the same! Dr Garland, how have the years dealt with you?" Her voice was almost solemn in its quiet tones. Her wistful eyes were on his face, his

own bending near hers 'How have they dealt with me? Well -and well, I think.

Her eyes suddenly smiled. "And you have brought no wife back with

Then he laughed.
"Wife! Not yet, Cecil."
"Not yet!" Did not that mean, "No—never till the one woman I love, whose name is Cecil Conway, shall let me call her by that blessed

name?" Did it not mean that? A great thrill of almost speechless ecstasy surged over her, almost stopping the rapid throbbing of her true, loving heart.

She looked up, a great, womanly tenderness in her sweet, gray eyes, a mute, brave glory all over her face.
"I wish to tell you, then, that until yester-

day I never knew of the letter you wrote me eight years ago. It was hidden, how, or by whom, or why, I never will know. Last night, for the first time, I read it."

Her voice trembled at the last; he saw the diamonds in her cross, on her hands, quiver rider with the bravely suppressed emotion. Then-"It has been unfortunate, very, my friend Cecil, but time has brought its balm of healing to me, and I think you will let me tell you of Lulie Vane my little betrothed far away in Washington.

And she listened, and answered something, and bade him good-night when the party went away, five minutes later, and then she went up-stairs, slowly, wearily, and sat down in her room and cried—ah, such tears!

The Bitter Secret;

THE HEART OF GOLD.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XIII. "MY LIFE BEFORE HIS!"

FROM the instant when the brave girl resolved apon this desperate scheme, all things seemed to mooth before her, every obstacle to melt away, and, instead of inanimate objects getting in her way after their preverse wont, they seemed to lend themselves—everything she came in con-

tact with—to her purpose.

Never had a mad undertaking been so easy of achievement as this of the devoted daughter to

save her father's life. Things happened something thus:
While the bedazzlement of her purpose was still upon her, she looked down and saw the dainty, slim form of Godiva, clad bewitchingly in an opal-tinted morning-robe, with her roseate arms gleaming bare to the flowing lace at the arms gleaming bare to the flowing lace at the elbow. She was moving in and out among the stiffer and more masculine figures of the huntresses, in lovely contrast; evidently she was not going with the hunt, and yet was coquette enough to present her floral beauty, enhanced by the stiff toilets of the other ladies, to some favored eye, even at the risk of dragging her indolent, ease-loving limbs forth from her couch at three o'clock of the morning.

Monica had been through all the house, we know; she knew the inhabited portion of it much better than the other, and, once she had escaped from these mysterious labyrinths, could

escaped from these mysterious labyrinths, could find her way to any room. Whenever she saw Godiva, she told herself: "Now is your chance to get a riding-habit;" and once more trusting herself to the corridors, which had been the scene of her half-delirious wanderings, she sped straight to the low-browed door, and from thence, swift and unerringly, to

Godiva's apartments.

Fearful that the lady's maid might be there, she was cautious in her entrance. But Florice was deep in flirtation below with Lord Glenfllan's valet, and the long, dim sumptuous suit was left to itself, with no better guard against intrusion than the key turned in the antecham-

Monica flitted in, her black silk skirts gathered tight about her in case of rustling, and her black eyes gleaming with a resolution that would have daunted the fair mistress of the dainty splendor she looked upon had she met her then, face to

Godiva, the distant relative of proud Der-went, lodged well under the roof of him she had plotted to murder; her taste was obviously and determinately modern, and not one stick of the magnificent old furniture that so ravished coneurs had been permitted to remain within

Frescoing, satin-and-silver hangings, velvet carpets, mirrors of crystal-and-silver in true Venetian style, silver chairs and divans, gor-geously framed pictures, the subjects of which A sudden gasping sound came to her lips as she snatched it—a low, half-unintelligible moan that was neither joy or sorrow, as she tore it open, to read, that eight years ago Arch Garland had laid his heart, his hand, his mame—himself, at her feet, pleading for an instantaneous answer as a man pleads for his life, and yet, showing all his bold masterfulness in every word by which he called her to him, to be his very own forever.

And she had never known! Of her unconscious accord, she had driven him away, and

stinct, God-given, which sees a loveliness in the commonest wayside flower far beyond the

commonest wayside flower far beyond the flaunting glory of the scentless exotic, and in all beauty sees heaven and goodness symbolized. In passing through the three intervening chambers which opened into one another, a la Indian cabinet, before she reached the final one, the dressing-room, Monica Derwent unconsciously perceived all this—unconsciously, I say, for at the time her whole heart and mind were bent on her present purpose and she was not bent on her present purpose, and she was not aware that she had had time to receive any impressions until afterward.

Still favored by capricious accident, she went unerringly on until she found herself before an merringly on until she found herself before an exquisitely inlaid Japanese wardrobe, the majestic hight of which seemed to indicate that it was used for hanging dresses whose long trains required more than usual space. As it was ajar, Monica was instantly running her clever, deft hands over the various folds of silk and rich material which filled the dark interior. She came anon to the heavy, smooth folds of a cloth garment, took it off its hook, and saw what she sought—an elegantly—made riding-habit of cloth garment, took it off its hook, and saw what she sought—an elegantly-made riding-habit of invisible green. A cap of the same color was attached to the costume, and a pair of delicate white riding gauntlets in the pockets of it; she looked for the accompanying whip in the bottom of the wardrobe, and found it also. With these things in her arms she glided from the dangerous locality and shutting havelf into the first room. things in her arms she glided from the dangerous locality, and, shutting herself into the first room she came to in the uninhabited half of the house, had the satisfaction of soon seeing herself reflected in the dim, cobweb-draped mirror—an equestrian figure of as much elegance and fashion as any lady of them all.

She finished her toilet by winding thickly and securely a long black tissue vail round and round her small cap, after which she might have defied the eyes of her own mother to recognize her.

Then she hid her own costume in one of the curious old cabinets that were there, locked up the ingeniously puzzling recess in which she had placed it, and put the key in her pocket.

And now to obtain a horse, and ride into the

And now to obtain a norse, and ride into the forest while the party were safely out of the way at breakfast.

Here, too, fate befriended her.

She walked quietly through the most private passages which she knew would eventually lead

her to the court-yard, meeting one or two servants on the way, who, however, only stared at her, not venturing to address what they supposed to be one of the stranger ladies lounging through the corridors for curiosity; and soon she was standing, with an air of languid indif-ference, on the ladies' mounting-block, looking

A footman in the Derwent livery edged near her, cap in hand, ready for orders. She ab-ruptly turned to him, saying, in a petulant

voice:

"Have you happened to see any one waiting here? I mean Lord—but no matter; sha'n't wait for him. Order a horse brought round for me—instantly, you hear?"

She tossed him a sovereign which she had just found in the tiny silver-net poche at Godiva's girdle, and he, properly impressed by her imperious air, bowed obsequiously, and ran to give the order to the head groom.

In three minutes a helper came trotting along into the court, holding loosely by the bridle a superb hunting mare, whose steel-gray coat, satin of sheen, small lean head, taper ears, quivering muscles, and large, soft, brilliant eyes, spoke unequivocally of blood—of race, all over her; and sent a shiver of nameless excitement her; and sent a shiver of nameless excitement through the very heart-fibers of the untried

Many people have watched the approach of a wild beast with less sickening apprehension than did poor Monica that of her father's queen of the stud.

But she was committed to this course, how-But she was committed to this course, however desperate—she, like the beautiful animal now prancing before the mounting-block in the exuberance of her spirits, felt the proud blood of an ancient race tingling through her delicate body; she set her teeth to keep them from chattering, gathered her flowing skirts in one hand, placing the other daintily on the obsequious groom's offered shoulder, and sprung into the saddle.

As she settled in her lofty seat, and saw the self before her, her courage came back, her heart swelled high, and in a sort of reckless delight in her danger she patted that glossy neck with her little firm hand, then tightening the reins as she had seen other riders do, off sprung

the mare with a snort of pleasure, through the archway and away.

After the first giddy feeling, and convulsive effort to accommodate herself to the poise and motion, Monica settled in her saddle with the motion, Monica settled in her saddle with the fearless grace of a born equestrienne. How could she be awkward here, with her straight, well-poised form, her brave soul, her inborn presence of mind, and her rich exuberance of young spirit, which laughed at bodily peril and enjoyed the rush and the ecstasy of daring? Hearing the sound of hoofs behind her, she looked back, to see the same groom in Derwent livery in attendance. This reassured her more

livery in attendance. This reassured her more than ever, for she saw that she had got off under the very best of auspices, and would inevitably be mistaken by all for one of the mansion's guests, gone off by herself in pique, which mood would also account for her thick vail and jeal-

ously concealed features.

She allowed her mount to carry her down the avenue out of sight of the mansion, then, having somewhat familiarized herself to her position, she reined in the docile beauty and waited

for the groom to ride up.

"Conduct me to a point which the hunt is sure to pass," she commanded the man, "and let us ride slowly, so that you shall give me a few instructions, for I have never been on horseback before," and she laughed as if it was a good

The man's eyes opened wide in amaze and concern; he looked as closely as he dared into the vailed face, dying to see which of the

ladies was so daring.

"And don't you go and tell it, either," she continued, petulantly; "I'm not going to be laughed at for a madcap, and lectured and hectored by all the old fogies and prudes—and I mean to enjoy one deer-hunt if I never go home alive," and she shrugged her shoulders and laughed mockingly, doing the character of a spoiled beauty so successfully that Giles made up his mind on the snot that he had the luck to ladies was so daring. his mind on the spot that he had the luck to be the sole protector and riding-master pro tem.
of the lovely romp, Lady Madge Devlin, whose
pranks kept the Weald alive; and he grinned to
himself as he anticipated the holy horror of her straight-laced chaperone, Dowager Lythwicke, and the terror of her adorer, Lord Francis Traine, when they discovered this maddest of all her freaks.

But she was as celebrated for her boundless liberality in the matter of sovereigns as for her mirthful follies, and Giles was well content to earn her gratitude; so, as he touched his hat he wowed that "ne'er a soul should hear from him a word o' the matter," and that "he'd take right good care of her, only she must folly his instructions, my lady, for that 'Silky Sylph,' thar, wor a rare 'un to go, onc't she took inter her pretty head that them as rode her didn't how

pretty head that them as rode her didn't know their business."

Having thus shown the grave necessity of his services, the pair went ambling side by side over the long green stretches of the home park, while Monica took her first lesson, hanging on the words of the old fellow with all her mind and brain, and really learning more in that half-hour than any one not pressed by a matter of life and brain, and really learning more in that half-hour than any one not pressed by a matter of life and death could have learned in a week.

So that when the long-echoing bugle-call rung brough the wood, and the distant thunder through the wood, and the distant thunder showed that the hunters were sweeping forth from the gates in grand cavalcade, she, sitting at rest on a gentle eminence, screened from observation by a hazel copse, felt so secure that she sent her attendant on a wild-goose chase to fetch her a branch of silky catkins from a pop-

because I am quite sure I have never heard you mention Dr. Garland's name in all the three years I have known you."

doomed himself and herself to such suffering as might God spare other mortals!

Daz-d, almost petrified into a sensation that was indescribable. Cecil Conway sat there for merrily forth, with their array of beaters, dogs, huntsmeu, and other supernumeraries requisite to a hunt of such distinction.

Ha! there they come, the scarlet coats burning red among the tender green leaves, the riding-habits floating gracefully, bridles glancing, noble horses spurning the yielding turf as they breast the hill; dogs in leash by twos, by sixes, by dozens, running swiftly, mute and attentive to their keepers' whips; a gallant sight it is.

it is.

But as Monica sees the ominous figure of Rufus Marshall glued to her father's side, Gavaine tracking him in the rear, the involuntary pleasure dies out of her flushed face, and the gloom of death overspreads it.

"Now for it!" she mutters, as she returns the glass to its place and drops her vail; "My life before his!"

CHAPTER XIV.

SHE let the train sweep past her, then slipped from her covert and joined the rear-guard, so deftly that not an eye noted the fresh arrival. Now, I am not going to describe a hunt, which has so often and so gloriously been described before they wanted risk efforts would only sound. has so often and so gronously been described be-fore that my amateurish efforts would only sound like a travesty; suffice it to say that as long as the beaters reported naught, the hounds kept mute, and the riders held together, the vailed huntress rode among the rest, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, and so grandly the right hand nor to the left, and so grandly ignoring the cavaliers who came in turn to woo her from her incognita, that half the men were wild to find her out, and all the women were staring with uplifted noses at the graceful puzzle who thus dared to attract all the eyes their own loveliness was wont to hold enchained. And yet, no one guessed that she was a stranger, not only to the Weald, but to the gentry who had come to join in the hunt from the neighborhood. As for Derwent and his two sleuth-hounds the Marshalls, they were well on in front, and did

Marshalls, they were well on in front, and did not see her at all.

But when the view-holla at last came, and the hounds broke into full cry, and the cavalcade spread in a wide fan after the streaming hounds, spread in a wide fan after the streaming hounds, and every face was alight with excitement, then the vailed lady shot to the front, and edging resolutely between the Master of Dornoch and Rufus Marshall, rode by her father bridle by bridle, mute, thrilling, and her eyes gleaming at him through her vail, like twin stars, that shot the strangest feeling through him.

"And who is this bold Diana?" laughed Mr. Derwent in graceful playfulness.

Derwent in graceful playfulness.
"One who has a boon to crave of the Master of Dornoch-Weald," she replied in the same vein,

or Dornoch-weald, "she replied in the same vein, and in carefully-disguised accents.

"Ah? And what is that?" asked he, curiously trying to recognize her, for the voice was as unfamiliar as the figure.

"Let me be your sole companion for one hour! No, it is no jest—I mean it," she cried, laughing. "More hangs upon this interview than you can imagine."

He could do nothing else than bow gracious consent. She was, he supposed, if not one of his own visitors, one of the neighbors. Some mad-cap young girl, bent on some mischievous freak which she wanted his assistance or consent to bring about. Without a single suspicion he nodded his sleuth-hounds to drop back, and rode on with no one by his side save the myste-

rode on with no one by his side save the mysteriously vailed lady.

She let him lead her in a swift canter across lots which brought them well up with the chase, and then they came to a pause on the crown of a hillock, and breathed their chargers, while the hunt swept on in merry train; and when scarlet, Lincoln-green, glancing metal and streaming hounds were all out of sight, and the dark questioning eyes of Mr. Derwent were turned upon his silent companion, she said gravely, still hiding her identity:

"This is no hoax, sir, nor any attempt at comedy at all. Be good enough to alight with me, and while we rest on that mossy log, I shall speak."

speak."
For a moment he gazed suspiciously at her, a passing thought of his nephew suggesting a possible intercessor; but she continued mute, and with a slight shrug of the shoulder he obeyed They sat side by side on the mossy log, the sounds of horses and riders fading far away,

and nothing heard but the ruffling of the young leaves and the plash of the runlet at their feet from its rocky source. She began to speak, softly, solemnly, her hands

elasped.
"I have a terrible thing to tell you, Mr. Derwent; I don't expect you to be able to believe it at first, for it is almost incredible, but for your own sake you must promise to sift my state-ments at once, and allow yourself to believe such proofs as you will then inevitably find.

Will you promise this?" Will you promise this?"

The proud Derwent gazed in astonishment at his companion, doubting her sincerity.

"This is a most extraordinary address!" he exclaimed. "Are you not jesting?"

"As God lives, I am not," she enswered firmly.

Then she rapidly proceeded, her fear of inter-ruption urging her on with breathless haste and insistence, and he listening and looking at her

in growing amazement.
"The day before yesterday I chanced to be "The day before yesterday? I chainced to be walking in the forest over there—you see the knoll? There, by a hollow oak tree."—she pointed with her whip, and Mr. Derwent glanced at the familiar spot designated, and back again at her with a feeling of reality unknown before. "I sat down to rest just there," she continued, anxiously trying to say all in as few words as she might, and always with that dread upon her of interruption, "and Miss Godiva Montacute of interruption, "and Miss Godiva Montacute came up the hill; it was between eleven and twelve of the morning. Can you recollect where you were at the time? The day before yester-

day, you know!"
"Yes! yes! I recollect; proceed," muttered he
in his bewilderment.
"Geoffrey Kilmyre joined her, and she talked a long while with him, urging him to come and be reconciled to you; she also told him that your life was in danger from the schemes of your two kinsmen, Rufus and Gavaine Marshall, who were here merely to plot for a place in your will, taking advantage of your nephew's present discreace."

"Stop, madam; who are you?" cried Mr. Derwent peremptorily. "I permit meddle with my family matters." 'I permit no stranger to

meddle with my family matters."

"Pardon me—pardon me," she implored. "I must speak, let me finish before I unvail—"

"Madam, I believe I know you," he said abruptly, rising from her side. "I will not hear another word!"

"You shall hear, all!" she exclaimed resolutely rising too, and harring his resolutely rising too.

"You shall hear, all she exchained resolutely, rising too, and barring his way to the horses; "it is for your life's sake that I speak, and you do not know me—you could never dream who I am!" This told, he stopped in wonder; her tone had carried conviction with it; whoever she was (and he had begun to sus-

pect that Monica Rivers once more addressed him), she spoke the truth, and he felt a spell upon him to stand and hear.

"Geoffrey Kilmyre proudly refused to fawn upon you for favor, or to seek you merely as a matter of self-interest, as Miss Montacute at fort word being but whenever she hinted at

was almost whispering the dreadful words in the ear of the staring and shocked Derwent; she here suddenly broke off in her narrative and wrung her hands, hysterically moaning out: "And oh God! how I have tried to save you since, and you would not listen—and last night again when I lay hidden in the ruined wing of

was time to get rid " of you—and they have an accomplice hidden in the Muniment Room—a poisoning doctor—and—and—" here the excitement of the girl passed beyond her control, and she clutched the arm of her father with one convulsive hand while with the other she tore off her vail, exposing the death-pale face and quivering, imploring lips and eyes of the stranger American, whom Mr. Derwent believed to be the accomplice of Geoffrey Kilmyre.

He gave an involuntary start, and tried to wrest himself from her grasp, then waited to collect himself, regarding her fixedly the while, as if he would read her very soul.

What memories passed over him as they thus stood, face to face, shuddering under the shadow of Foul Play; what distrusts, long thrust aside—intuitions stifled—natural repulsions sternly quelled in the angered pain and revenge of his

on rour ray, what utstruss, fong times as the control of the disgusting contrast between these new favorites he had inserted in his will, and his old well beloved nephew and heir—how all these passed and repassed before his awakened consciousness, it is unnecessary to say; a window seemed suddenly to have sprung open in his brain, and he looked forth on a hideous reality that shocked and sickened him. And yet, such were his secret sensations in connection with this name of Rivers, borne by this girl of America, combining as he believed, the disgrace and shame of his life, that in spite of all his horrified convictions that she spoke but the awful truth, he could not receive it from her, but actually kept on associating her in his mind awful truth, he could not receive it from her, but actually kept on associating her in his mind with that composite image of mercenary-adventuress and frail female which had been presented to him first. Yet, as he examined the delicate countenance of her, so eloquent now with truthful urgency, he found it impossible to treat her rudely, impossible to shake her off uncermoniously as he had done when she came to him at the dead of night with—he now saw—the same warning; and it was with a strange mingling of deference and incredulity that he last spoke.

spoke.

"Young lady, by what strange fate have you thus come from the ends of the earth, with a name that I abhor, and from a family that sent a traitress into my life to blight it forever, to mix yourself with my affairs? What do you expect to gain?"

"Spare me these insults—think only of what I have revealed to you!" she exclaimed with flashing scorn and urgency. "I swear it to you that I hope to gain nothing from you, however true you find my story, however much you may that I hope to gain nothing from you, however true you find my story, however much you may be indebted to me for escaping a pair of intending murderers, hounded on by a Jezebel, who has sworn to be revenged upon the man who refused her proffered love (you see I know all)—"
"You do indeed, and far too much to have come to you by fair means!" he cried, enraged. "How long have you been spying on me and my household!"

"How long have you been spying on me and my household?"

"Why will you think of me? Oh, God! Think of yourself!" she implored. "I tell you they said that they would begin under the poisoner's orders—to do IT—(meaning your murder) last night! What did they give you to eat last night?—or to drink? Have they tampered with you yet? Are you well to-day? Are you quite, quite as usual?"

As she poured forth these horror-inspiring questions in burning earnest he could not but shudder under a sharp conviction of her truth; and indeed, how could mortal be such a finished actress as to banish every particle of blood from the cheek, to dilate the eyes black and glaring, to imbue the slight soft hands of a slim girl like this with the convulsed strength of those two that clung to his arm, and shook it in the intenthat clung to his arm, and shook it in the intensity of her prayers?
"Come, sit again, and tell me this matter all

over, calmly, please. And remember, every syllable will be sifted afterward," said he.

She could scarce believe that heaven had become so kind; she was to be allowed to save him

He caught the swift flash of her thankful eves

He caught the swift flash of her thankful eyes rising heavenward, and the trembling smile of joy that stirred the beauty of her delicate mouth; and again his heart said loudly, "The girl speaks true; listen to her."

Side by side once more, and Monica detailed word for word all that she had heard in the forest, then in the ruined chamber. He questioned and cross-questioned her keenly; she made not one misstatement, not one blunder.

"This is all very dramatic and sensational," he remarked, with cool cynicism, which, however, his deadly pallor belied; "and eminently calculated to make you an object of interest, and perhaps of gratitude, if I find your revelations to be the truth. I think I see your game, my shrewd lady-Yankee; but, oh, heaven! how my shrewd lady-Yankee; but, oh, heaven! how intolerable that one so young and lovely should so unsex herself." The appeal seemed to escape him in spite of himself; his clear, searching eyes iving to probe her very soul, wrath and

were striving to probe her very soul, wrath and scorn fighting for supremacy.

Monica was dragged back to herself in spite of her resolutions by the tacit insult. It was impossible for her to let it pass.

"How dare you judge me! What can you know of my nature?" she demanded, in low, quivering tones, involuntarily stepping close to him, and meeting his scornful eye with a blaze of noble rebellion.

He looked at her. She was so close that he could see the panting rise and fall of her bosom, the play of the delicate muscles about the mouth, the exquisite satin of her skin, and the raven silk of her hair."

How came you by the face and form of my ancestress, Mistress Ethelgiva Derwent?" he cried, perplexedly. "You are a Derwent, mair Monica forgot all but that this was her father

She suddenly put out her two trembling hands. and clasped him I so like one of your race?" she whis pered, a flame of excitement appearing in each cheek. "Well, then, since you think so, you will the more readily receive the truth; for the

truth I will now tell you, in spite of the injury you have inflicted upon your innocent, true-hearted wife, Ada Rivers."

your have imincted upon your imnocent, truehearted wife, Ada Rivers."

The fateful words were checked on her lips.
A horseman had ridden up, and, with a low
ejaculation of amazement, drew up and leaped
to the ground with hands outstretched.

The stranger was Mr. Joaquin Price, the
junior partner of Korner and Price, the New
York lawyers who had ferreted out the rights
of Otto Derwent's quarrel with his wife.

"Aha! Thought you too sensible to throw
away such a fortune," chuckled the young man,
convinced that all was explained between
father and daughter, and that it would be his
safe and simple duty to reveal the truth of the
mistake which had parted man and wife.

Standing there with the slight hand of the
stunned Monica in his, and the frigid apparition
of her father behind her, Mr. Price suddenly,

of her father behind her, Mr. Price suddenly and with that native sagacity which has since made him such a successful lawyer, saw in a glance that father and daughter were as yet united; nay, that there was suspicion, seorn, and bitter misconstruction between them.

He drew in his horns instanter, and became limp and passive, waiting for more light. Meantime, Monica had recalled her wits, and was debating in her mind the question whether she should now reveal herself, accepting unshe should now reveal herself, accepting unavoidably the assistance of Mr. Price, now that he was here, and since he only could disclose the real facts of the mistake which had separated

No; it would look too like a mercenary plot. gotten up between the daughter and the sharp young lawyer. No, Monica could not now reveal herself.

She disengaged her hand from the lawyer's congratulating clasp, and said coldly:

"You are mistaken, sir. I am as much a stranger here as yourself," and she enforced her meaning by a significant glance.

"All right, if you must have it so," muttered the young man, in visible charging." I suppose

the young man, in visible chagrin, you know your own business best." "I suppose

"LITTLE BELLS BUT SWEET."

DESTINY.

BY M. J. ADAMS.

As fall the tinted leaves in autumn time; Or flies the darkness at the approach of day; So each of us, in youth, old age or prime, From this fair world will surely pass away.

SLEEP.

BY B. M.

Beautiful up from the deeps of the solemn sea
Cometh sweet Sleep to me;
Up from the silent deeps,
Where no one waits and weeps:
Cometh, as one who dreameth,
With slowly waving hands;
And the sound of her raiment seemeth
Like waves on the level sands.
There is rest for all mankind,
As her slow wings stir the wind,
With lullaby the drowsy waters creep
To kiss the feet of Sleep.

A WOMAN'S "NO."

BY G. W.

He spoke to her with manly word— With honest speech and slow; She felt she loved him as she heard, But yet she answered "No."

She saw him rise, she saw him stand, As staggering from a blow; She could have kissed his trembling hand, But still she answered "No."

And so he goes—to come no more! But let him only go, Her voice will call him from the door— Who trusts a woman's "No?"

A PICTURE. BY WM. D. HOLMES.

The day was lapsing into night, And softly fell the sunset light— O'er city, village, wood and plain, And rippling through one wretched pane, Fell with a stlent glory there, On one sad scene divinely fair;

Sweet was the face of motherhood, As bending o'er the bed she stood, Gazing upon her darling boy With all a mother's boundless joy; Stooping to kiss with bated breath, Nor dreaming that his sleep was death.

The Californians:

Rivals of the Valley of Gold. A ROMANCE OF FEATHER RIVER.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

CHAPTER XI.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.
WHEN Fiery Fred hissed his final threat into WHEN Fiery Fred inseed his final threat into the ears of his bound and prostrate prisoner, with a cocked revolver pressed close against his emple, it is scarcely probable that he meant to put it into such prompt execution, thus destroying forever his hopes of learning the old man's golden secret. Yet there was one watching his ery movement who knew so well his hot, un-dy temper that she feared his passion would blind his avarice, and urge him on to a deed he would regret when quieted down. Filled with this anxiety, she rushed forward and grasped his arm; but as she did so the weapon exploded. Gospel George lay before him, his face blackened, the blood starting out upon his begrimed features.

With a blasphemous curse, Fiery Fred flung the screaming woman from his arm and knelt over the body of the old man; but a moment later his breath came more freely. Though the later his breath came more freely. Though the captive had not entirely escaped, the hand of Little Paquita had done its work well. The bullet, instead of boring its way through the brain of Gospel George, had spent its force upon the rock floor close beside his ear. Bits of lead and splintered flint had cut his face in a dozen different places, while the concussion had completely stupefied him. He lay like a dead man, but the covery way but the question of a few minbut recovery was but the question of a few minutes. Satisfied of this, the outlaw chief rose erect just as Devil's Dan, with several of his fellows, appeared at the entrance, doubtless in answer to the alarm.

Take this fellow and carry him into the black-hole," quietly ordered Fiery Fred though no explanation was needed. "I well to his bonds, and, though he is to be left

well to his bonds, and, though he is to be left alone, see that you keep a good look-out, as usual. Lively, now! Come, Paquita; one word with you before I take the saddle."

The one word extended over half an hour at least, before Fiery Fred left the retreat, fol-lowing Black Diaz, with red spur, over the hills to the home of Don Estevan de Mendoza, and where the reader has already met him.

where the reader has already met him.

Though Gospel George gave no evidence of returning life, he was just conscious of being uplifted and borne along through a cool, winding passage; of coming to a pause, and having his hands firmly bound together, while some one else fumbled at his feet. But all was intensely dark and still around him when he faintly reovered his senses and opened his eyes. Fortu-ately, his tongue was at liberty, though, for a ime, his words were disconnected and broken.

He had passed through and endured so much uring the few last hours that his agitation was no means pemarkable; indeed, few minds or dies could have borne up so well. For years sole object had been to find this man who called himself Fiery Fred; and now he had met him—a bound and helpless captive. Even more than the frightful fall over the precipice had it shattered his nerves to still wear his mask while that hated enemy stood before him, all unsus-picious of the hell of venomous hatred that filled is heart—of the wild, insane longing to shout oud his real name in the face of his destined

the hours passed by he grew more comosed, his brain became clearer, and he began o realize the full peril of his situation. Fiery red would pause at nothing to accomplish his nds. If persuasion failed, then he would make ends. If persuasion raned, then he would have so of torture, and beneath his devilish arts the most stubborn would break down; and yet come seemed impossible, even were he to successe seemed impossible, even were he to successes. escape seemed impossible, even were he to succeed in casting off the thongs that bound his

wrists.
"Ef I kin only git 'en loose ag'in the time he comes to ax me to tell him!" muttered Gospel George, pausing for an instant in his strenuous exertions for breath. "Ef he'd only come an stan' afore me thus! I wouldn't ax nothin more—face to face with nothin' more'n tooth and toe-nail—I'd give heaven itself fer jist sech a chaince! But it never 'll be. The devil 'll

stan' his friend, an' he'll send some one else."

Yet this doubt did not cause Gospel George to relax his efforts, and within an hour from the time when he first tested the thongs they yielded sufficiently for him to slip out first one hand then the other, though his wrists had suffered then the other, though his wrists had suffered severely in the struggle. This much accom-plished, it was not difficult for him to release his feet as well. He could scarce suppress a wild yell of exultation at his success, as he once more felt himself a man, able at least to strike or stout blow for revenge, and he only managed to refrain by clasping one broad palm over his

mouth until the temptation was vanquished.

Now that his limbs were at liberty, Gospel George carefully crept around the stone cell which he had been confined, groping with hands upon every side, seeking for someth which he might use as a weapon when the time for action came. His fingers closed upon a project-ing spur of rock that for a time defled all his efforts, but finally he managed to work loose a fragment of probably two pounds weight. Tearing one sleeve from his shirt, he tied it Mr. Derwent, glancing from one to the other with a sneer, here made a slight obeisance to Monica, and strode away, leading his horse.

(To be eontinued—commenced in No. 389.)

George ceased his motions, bending forward and fairly holding his breath, as he fixed his eyes upon a faint glimmer of light before him, seemingly far distant. For one breathless moment he remained thus, until convinced that the light was slowly drawing nearer, though he could not discover by what agency. Quick to resolve and equally quick to execute,

dick to resolve and equally quick to execute, he silently crept back to the spot where Devil's Dan had left him, and carefully disposed his limbs as though they were still bound, hiding the severed ends of the thongs around his ankles beneath his feet. He held his rude weapon with a firm grasp partially beneath his body, with every nerve and muscle ready for prompt and

resolute action.

He saw the light draw nearer, through his closed lids, though not a sound broke the dead silence. The light shone only in front, so that the bearer was invisible. Slowly his eyes opened, though he made no other motion as the light paused a little beyond his feet. Despite hight paused a little beyond his feet. Despite his stout heart, a little thrill of superstitious awe crept over him as his strange visitor still remained invisible. But then the light was suddenly elevated and partially turned so that its rays fell full upon a face—fair, piquant and bewilderingly beautiful—the face of Little Paquita, smiling, friendly, yet with an expression that seemed to implore caution. eemed to implore caution.

seemed to implore caution.

In his surprise, Gospel George almost betrayed himself, and the rock dropped from his relaxed fingers as he realized the sort of antagonist with whom he had to deal. He could not crush in that fair face as he had intended.

"Hist! not a word!" muttered the woman, with a quick glance in the direction whence she had come, and speaking in Spanish. "If I am discovered here my life will not be worth a claco!"

Still Gospel George did not speak, fearing to

trust his tongue until his strange visitor had made the object of her visit more clear, and feeling nearly sure that she had not come en-

feeling nearly sure that she had not come entirely unguarded.
"Senor," added Paquita, in a soft, almost caressing tone, "I could not sleep for thinking of you. There was a voice ringing in my ears—as though my father was speaking to me, senor. And I saw such dreadful things whenever I closed my eyes. I could not rest, and so I came here, though he would kill me were he to support." Let me loose, an' I'll take keer he don't

"Let me loose, an' I'll take keer he don't never do you no harm, lady," interrupted Gospel George, with well-assumed eagerness.

"Alas! I would, gladly, senor, but what would become of poor me! You forget how I am placed; in his power, his slave, his plaything to caress or curse as his mad humor dictates. It would be different were I a man; then I could act as I chose. But now, I can only assure you of my heartfelt sympathy, senor, and wish our lady may send you strength and fortitude to endure the torments and tortures which await you—unless you are willing to purchase

await you—unless you are willing to purchase your freedom, to give up your gold in exchange for your life."
"Just what I thought," said Gospel George

"Just what I thought," said Gospel George, with a chuckle. "You're a right piert-lookin' gal, but you cain't pull no wool over my peepers—not much! I ain't no sardine, ef I was growed in the woods. You kin jist go back to your hoss-thief feller an' tell him it ain't no go, an' he's a fool fer sendin' of ye—"

"He did not send me," earnestly uttered Paquita. "If he knew my object in coming here, senor, he would murder me! I hate him—I curse him every hour of the day! He stole me away from my home—he murdered my parents, and the man whom I loved as our blessed lady herself! He murdered them, and carried me

herself! He murdered them, and carried me here, keeping me captive until—bah! why do I talk! What matter is it to me what becomes of you—only—you reminded me of my poor father. I was a fool. I thought that if I were to aid you to escape from this dreadful den, you would be thankful enough to take me with you. Not for good; only until we were beyond his reach. Then I could take care of myself. What matter even if I starved? At least I would be free

"Wait a bit—don't be so pesky brash," slowly uttered Gospel George, as the woman seemed about to leave him. "How was I to know all this, after seein' you 'long o' him that-a-way?

this, after seem you long o min that-a-way. Ef you're in airnest—"

"Then you will aid me?" joyously cried Paquita, coming closer. "But no—I am a fool to even think of honor in a man. You would only deceive, after I had done all I could for you; perhaps give me over to that—"

"I'm a white man," simply replied Gospel George

Prove to me that you are sincere—that you will be grateful for my services, then," impetu-ously cried Paquita. "Trust me as I trust you. all me this wonderful secret of yours lieve that you are in earnest

"They won't nothin' else satisfy you, then?" asked Gospel George, almost sadly, his eyes dimming with a curious mist.

Nothing! If you doubt me, then I will go.' Come, then, I'll whisper it in your ear," re plied Gospel George, his voice loud and stern.
Eagerly Paquita stooped until her warm
breath fanned his cheek. Then his long, sinewy closed around her soft throat, and a harsh laugh parted his lips.

CHAPTER XII. HOW TO MAKE AN ENEMY USEFUL.

"EASY—easy, my little woman! The more you squirm, an' the more you kiek, the tighter I'm bound fer to freeze to ye, honey. It's fer the good o' your fri'nds I'm a-doin' of it. 'F you was to open your mouth an' squeel jist onest they'd all come a runnin', vers an' like's oncet, they'd all come a-runnin' yere, an' like's not cut up so rusty I'd hev to climb up the back of every durned- Good Lawd! why didn't ve

All at once Paquita ceased her struggles and hung limp and nerveless in the old man's hands. Gospel George had forgotten, in his excitement, that he was dealing with a woman, and had worked his sinewy fingers with a will, until the fair face was swollen and blackened, and her senses fled before that suffocating grip. But as ner limbs relaxed and she sunk a lifeless weight upon his hands, Gospel George remembered him self and gently lowered the body to the ground ludicrous dismay imprinted upon his weather

"My luck, chuck up! I never kin look at a woman-critter, much less tetch her, without bu'stin' up the hull institution! An' yit—who'd 'a' thunk it o' her? A-kickin' an' a-cavortin' like a ontamed filly; an' then to co-lapse like dead-ripe mushmellon afore a buck-nigger! I never see the like. Jest my luck fer her to go dead—ef I only hed some bug-juice or some

thin' else fer to fetch her to— Good Lawd!"

This apostrophe was not without its excuse. Even as he stood staring dolefully down upon his handiwork, the body suddenly grew ani-mated, rolling swiftly over the rock floor toward the entrance, then springing erect, with a pair ful, strained scream. That sound brought Gospe George to his senses, and leaping forward he once more clasped the woman in his arms, pressing one broad palm over her mouth, listening breathlessly to learn if her choking cry for help had been heard without. But as no alarm followed his wise decreases for the product of the contraction for the product of the contraction for the product of the contraction for the lowed, his mind grew easier, for he now knew that Paquita had visited him unattended.

"Now, honey," he said, giving Paquita a little shake as though to emphasize his words, "I hain't got no more time fer foolin'. the wool clean over my eyes that time, but ain't a-goin' to give ye nary 'nother chaince. and a goin to give ye hary nother chaince. I've made up my mind to git out o' this hole, an' you've got to help me—understan'? I know of one way. Fiery Fred thinks a heap of you, I reckon, from all I see'd: an' I reckon he'd take his chainces o' ketchin' me ag'in ruther than lose you fer good; but I'd ruther slide out the back door, ef so be thar is one—I'm so pesky bashful! You don't know of none, I reckon?

"You don't like the idee o' losin' me, eh?" chuckled Gospel George. "But cain't I coax ye? Lawd, honey, you'd jist ort to see me when I've got the time to spread myself on the coax—it's more fun then gum-suckin', a heap! I ken

As he spoke, Gospel George was coolly searching his prisoner, gingerly plucking a short, yet stout and serviceable dagger from her bosom, and a richly-ornamented revolver from her girdle. Satisfying himself that this last named weapon was in serviceable order, he added, with a complete change of manner: "That's foolin' a-plenty; now fer business. I

hate to threaten a woman, much less hurt her, but you've got to show me the way out o' this hornet's nest without any more fuss. Ef you hornet's nest without any more fuss. Ef you walk crooked, or try any more o' your tricks on travelers, why I'll jist put a bit o' lead through your purty noddle like a mice. It don't sound nice, I know, but I've swore to do it. Git me safe outside, an' I'll let you go free, unhurt. Now you know what's the layout; which 'd ye ruther do?"

""You can murder me, if you choose. I am only a poor girl and defenseless. But you can

only a poor girl, and defenseless. But you cannot make me betray him, by aiding his prisoner
to escape, "said Paquita, quietly, yet with an intensity that told Gospel George only too plainly
that he had naught to look for of aid from her hands.

"An' yit a minnit sence you was a-cussin' him for all that's out!"

for all that's out!"
Paquita answered only by a smile of contempt. Gospel George chuckled complacently.
"So he sent you yere to play me fer a sucker—an' 'stead o' hookin' me, I hooked his bait. Ef the cuss 'd only come hisself! Waal, I must make the best o' what I've got. Now look, I'm goin' to give you one chaince. I'll tie you up an' leave you yere, while I try ef I kin git outside without your help. Ef I cain't, then I'll come back, take you 'long, an' walk right through the gang, with this barker at your head. Ef they putt one finger out to stop me, they'll be jist enough left o' you to make a decent funeral."

cent funeral "You had better kill me at once," muttered the Mexican woman, her eyes glittering snake-like. "You have insulted me too deeply for us both to live. This earth isn't wide enough for us both, after this night's work. You shall die,

though I have to hunt you down and strike you with my own hand."

"I glory in your spunk, honey," grinned Gospel George, "and wish you all the luck you desarve. Now—I hate to do it, fer your tongue sarve. Now—I hate to do it, fer your tongue sounds sweeter'n fox-grapes afore frost; but I must sorter putt a bandage over your purty mouth—jist fer to keep ye from ketchin' cold. I'm monstrous ashamed o' hevin' to do sech work, but it cain't be helped, though I know I won't be able to sleep fer a month fer thinkin' on it. Thar; I'll make it jist as easy as I kin. Don't think too hard o' me fer this, or I'll pine away an' fade like a bu'sted jimson weed. Thar away an' fade like a bu'sted jimson weed. Thar—I hope you're comf'table. Don't git onpatient. Ef I don't come back inside a hour, somebody else 'll be sure to find ye. Good-by now—'m goin'."

Looking once more to his pistol, Gospel George extinguished the lamp and put it into his pocket, for further use in case it became necessary, and then crept noiselessly through the narrow pass age. Ten seconds later he found cause to con age. Ten seconds later he found cause to congratulate himself on his prudence in extinguishing his light. The red glare of a torch suddenly appeared before him, not twenty yards away, the man who bore it either emerging from some side passage or else rounding an angle in the main passage. Even as it was, discovery seemed inevitable. Afraid to attempt a retreat to the dark cell—the only direction left open to him—lest the unavoidable noise should attract the attention he desired to avoid nothing rehim—lest the unavoidable noise should attract the attention he desired to avoid, nothing remained for Gospel George but to crouch low where he was, close to the side wall, and trust to the outlaw's coming within arm's length of his position before discovering his presence. For, of course, he must trust altogether to cold steel, since a single pistol shot would bring the entire gang upon his shoulders.

It was a moment of terribly trying suspense, as the outlaw leisurely strode nearer, until the red glare of the torch fairly covered the crouching figure, and was reflected from his bared dagger. But then the man turned to the right and seemingly passed through the solid rock,

and seemingly passed through the solid ro-eaving a dull, flickering light behind him. I an instant the old man quivered with a sensation of curious awe, but then as the light gradually faded, he realized the truth, and creeping forward, found himself at the entrance of another tunnel, passing through which he could just distinguish the unconscious outlaw.

Quick to decide. Gospel Georg passage and followed the red light, risking the chance of the man's turning back. He followed thus for quite two hundred yards, when he saw the outlaw drop the torch and stamp it out be neath his heel, leaving all in darkness the most intense, as it seemed for the moment. Closely hugging the wall, Gospel George awaited the next move, with weapons ready for use; but all was still, save his own rapidly beating heart.

For full ten minutes he remained thus, never noving a muscle. Then he fancied that the darkness was growing less intense before him, and a minute later he could just distinguish the dark figure of the outlaw, who was sitting upon the ground, leaning against the side of the nar-row passage. Then he began to realize the truth. The outlaw was acting as a sentinel. The faint gray glimmer must come from out doors, and had, until now, been invisible to his eyes, in a measure blinded by the glaring torch.
What a wild, fierce joy filled the old man's
heart as he guessed the truth. The outer world

was so near—almost within reach of his hand.
Once without that den, a free man, he could
make his hand keep his head. And only one life
stood between him and that freedom.
Fearing to lose more time, Gospel George resolved to attempt his escape at once, and sink-ing flat upon his face he crawled silently, inch by inch, toward the unwary sentinel. The knife must do its work, if possible. Keeping close to the side of the tunnel, against which the robber leaned, the old man succeeded in stealing within ten feet without discovery Fearing to lose all if he attempted more, Gos pel George cautiously gathered his limbs be neath him, and then sprung forward, closing with the bewildered sentinel and striking fierce. trong blows with the short dagger taken from Paquita, repeating them with deadly swiftnes The victory proved an easier one than he dared hope. Death-stricken with the first blow, the unfortunate man struggled feebly, in vain striv-

ing to give the alarm, his voice dying away in his throat with a husky, uncertain gurgle.

When fully satisfied that his work was thoroughly done, Gospel George arose and brushed the profuse drops from his brow. As he stood he could distinguish the dead man's features, and with a little thrill he recognized one of the four men who had captured him—the one called Cockeye. But he was given little time for thought. Scarcely had he made this discovery when the sound of voices rent his ear, coming from the direction of the light. He heard a stumble, a low laugh and a petulant curse. Then came a clear, sharp whistle, followed by utter silence. He knew that this was a signal, in all probability addressed to the dead sentinel lying at his feet. He stood like one petrified. With freedom fairly within his grasp, to be thus thrust back was horrible!

And once more the signal sounded, impa-(To be continued—commenced in No. 391.)

A young man in Rochester went not long ago

to call upon some ladies. He sent in his card, was kindly received and passed a pleasant The next day one of the young ladies happened to pick up the card again, and on the back she found the following: One game of billiards, fifteen cents; drinks, twenty cents; three games French with Joe,

OVER THE GATE.

BY E. H H.

How oft it is that lovers meet
To tell the sweet old tale;
How oft it is the kiss so sweet
Turns red the cheek so pale,
While the laughing moon looks calmly down;
It guesses the matter straight.
That some one has one to call his own,
And kiss her over the gate.

Much joy it brings to the happy ones;
Their hearts are filled with bliss;
'Tis then that time so quickly runs—
How sweet is love's first kiss!
How sweet is love's first kiss, and yet,
How often is the fate
That hearts grow cold, and then forget
That first kiss over the gate!

But love like that had better been

Locked up within the breast,
For love that's false but causes pain
And sorrow at the best;
But love so faithful, earnest, strong,
Come early or come late,
Will bring us through, come right or wrong,
And help us over the gate.

Over the gate let lovers meet
Their vows to gladly plight,
And seal them well with kisses sweet
On that most happy night;
But let their hearts be full to prove
That each hath met its mate,
And ask for blessings from above,
To cheer them over the gate.

A Woman's Hand:

THE MYSTERY OF MEREDITH PLACE.

BY SEELEY REGESTER, AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD LETTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TOWER CHAMBER. THE TOWER CHAMBER.

THE retired village of Hampton was changed, in a season, into a fashionable resort. The Chateaubriands had so faithfully praised it to their friends during the winter, saying always to those who wondered "where they should go next summer," to "do as they expected to do, go to Hampton," that when May came, all the quiet old farmers were besieged with applications for board, and what few houses were to be had, were rented to such "high-flyers" as had never before graced these modest dwellings.

The one hotel-keeper, seeing that this was "the tide, which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune," repaired the large, rambling shell

"the tide, which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune," repaired the large, rambling shell which went by the name of Hampton House, repapered, rewhitewashed, refurnished, sent to the city for a cook who could fry potatoes a la Mountain House, laid in stores of young chickens and fresh eggs, hired half-grown boys to rifle the trout-streams, and set himself up in a flourishing business with summer boarders. There were young men, now, to keep Don Miguel company in fishing, hunting, and driving; for the Spanish gentleman had not yet returned to Havana. He was waiting the pleasure of his cousin, he said, who had not decided whether she preferred the North or the South. As for Inez, she hardly thought it prudent to return to Cuba in the hot season, now that she had become, in a measure, acclimated here.

Even if she had had no deeper reason for desiring to remain in Hampton, the prospect of greyely was equily to heavitch here.

Even if she had had no deeper reason for desiring to remain in Hampton, the prospect of gayety was enough to bewitch her; her cousin was so popular and so admired, that the overflow of the attention he received quite deluged her and Lillian. And, indeed, with some one to dress her, indulge her, wait upon her, and "bring out her good points," she would have been a belle anywhere. The fact of her having been the bride of a few weeks and the widow of a few months, only added to the interest felt in a few months, only added to the interest felt in the beautiful Cuban, the dark splendor of whose eyes was supposed to borrow its deepest charm from the pensive fall of eyelashes which knew well when to droop. Doubtless, it would have put the finishing-touch to her attractions, if it could have been announced that the mystery of Meredith Place had been solved by a discovery of the missing gold; Don Miguel, who was as worldly-wise as he was polite and fascinating, smiling in his sleeve when certain elegant youths, who hardly knew how to pay their board-bills, endeavored to draw from him, in confidence, how much of a settlement he intended to bestow on his favorite cousin.

The Chateaubriends were the leaders in all in-

The Chateaubriands were the leaders in all in loor gayeties, as Don Miguel was in all out-door

The young ladies commanded almost as many which, in these days, was the watering-place; and, for once, Miss Sophie, the younger, had her full share of attention, for it was, by this time, pretty well understood that the elder was affianced to the young broker and lawyer who came out every Saturday from the city, and remain-

ed until Monday morning.
Yes, Bertha Chateaubriand, in the midst of picnics, rides, drives, and evening reunions, had to take time to prepare her trousseau, as her wedding-day was set for the 20th of July, after

which a six-weeks' bridal tour was to follow.

Her parents had consented to her marrying
Mr. Miller, seeing that she obstinately declared her purpose to do so, with or without their consent; but they were far from satisfied with the alliance. They had expected their eldest and handsomest daughter would make a more brilliant match—some foreign diplomat, or leadng politician among our own distinguished men, being the least to which they had aspired, Mr. Chateaubriand having quite intimate relations with great people in public life, and being more ambitious for power than for money. It was a disappointment of very annoying character to find that Bertha preferred this unknown lawyer, whose sister actually earned her own living; but the family had been wealthy in Miss Miller's younger days; they liked her, and Arthur evidently was acquiring money—he appeared well at a dinner-party, or in the waltz would some time be a wealthy old broker, as his expected father-in-law was before him, and with this they were obliged to be content. Having once yielded, they had the good sense to refrain from irritating Miss Bertha with compleints or servers and furnished money for plaints or sarcasms, and furnished money for the trousseau almost as liberally as if her *fiance* had been a member of the French Legation, or

It might be thought that Arthur Miller would have preferred the Chateaubriands to have taken almost any other than Meredith Place, where he had once desperately flirted with Inez, if not with Lillian also, and where he would have to meet, continually, the flery and jealous gaze of the Cuban. But, for reasons of his own,

ne was well satisfied. Everything went merry as a marriage-bell. Inez had plenty of cavaliers, and, if she cherished resentment or revenge, she hid it, for the present, deep in her heart. She and Sophie Chateaubriand grew to be great friends, and were together almost daily and hourly. According to Sophie, Inez was one of the most childish, artless, and exquisitely delightful beings that ever lived—a little pettish and exacting, flying in a

lived—a little pettish and exacting, flying in a passion to get over it in a minute; but even this high temper was one of her charms—she indulged it in such an open, infantile way.

Sophie bore it with the utmost sang froid, when Bertha, whose choice was already made, remarked, pungently, that it was plain the lady was only a faint reflection of the perfection of her cousin, Don Miguel de Almeda.

"I don't deny it." langhed Sophie going to

her cousin, Don Miguel de Almeda.

"I don't deny it," laughed Sophie, going to the great mirror of the boudoir where they sat—the little east chamber which had once been Lillian's—and drawing her pale, flaxen ringlets through her fingers out to their full length, while she studied the contour of her slender figure, the pose of her head, the turn of her nose, and the shade of color in her blue eyes—"that if I were as handsome as you. Bertha, I should I were as handsome as you, Bertha, I should make a tremendous effort to conquer the Don. You must acknowledge he's far superior to Ar-

bring that splendid cavalier to her feet as a suitor for her second daughter's hand!"

"Why don't you set yourself seriously to the task, then?" queried Bertha. "Papa would be pleased to have a live Don in the family. He has never been fully Americanized—papa has not. The noble blood of his French father still runs in his veins too freely to allow of his being a good republican. Catch the Don, Sophie, and make him happy for life."

"Who?—the Don, or papa?"

"Both, if you can. Why not? Don Miguel is remarkably good-tempered for a Spaniard. If I had not been already promised to my dear Arthur, I'm not certain what the effect would have been upon me of his magnificent manners, dress, and all that. Dazzling, I dare say!"

"It's fortunate I'm not so impressible, since the current report in Hampton is that he is a perfect slave to Lillian Meredith. I'm not beautiful enough to engage in a rivalry with

eautiful enough to engage in a rivalry with

'Nonsense! You've grown very modest all at once. Your style is the same as hers—a blonde, blue eyes, light hair, rosy cheeks: and certainly you have every advantage of dress, air, and manner, as well as your father's position in society." sition in society.

sition in society."

"Advantage of dress I acknowledge, and of family—that is, of money, for I believe Dr. Meredith was a gentleman and a man of talent; for the rest, I give up, without competing. I've tried to find fault with her, and I cannot, and what more can a rival say than that? However, don't think I utterly despair. Inez confides to me that Lillian has refused Don Miguel—would you believe it? She tells me that her spirits are so broken by the tragedy of her father's death that she would not be such a wife

father's death that she would not be such a wife as he deserves—that she cannot even think or as he deserves—that she cannot even think of love as yet; that she never expects to marry! Did you ever? Throws away this brilliant opportunity—probably her only one—and clings to that tiresome little school! I hardly know what to think of her!—though I'm much obliged to her, I'm sure, for refusing the Don. It seems he is not greatly discouraged by her coyness, as he persists in waiting until she has changed her mind."

In the mean time, do your best, my love, to make him change his mind. It would be such a balm to the wound I have inflicted on the family pride!" And the beauty went on with her interesting task of basting a piece of yellow Chateaubriand lace around the neck of a salmondated this contraction. colored satin evening dress, whose tint was scarcely deeper than that of the lace.

Sophie turned from the mirror, and threw

scarcely deeper than that of the lace.

Sophie turned from the mirror, and threw herself indolently into her favorite seat—the low and deep embrasure of the window, close beside which, on the outside, rose the tower which gave to Meredith Place its distinguishing feature of dignity. The house was one of those to which such an adjunct was not inappropriate, being built of solid blocks of smooth gray ston, and the tower rising out of its eastern and northern angle, clothed from head to foot with the glorious old Irish ivy, whose dark green leaves glistened in the June sunlight.

A joy forever that ivy had been in the eyes of Lillian, from her babyhood up, and her wistful gaze turned often toward it now in the days of her exile. Perhaps Sophie felt some of the weird, magnetic influence of the place—for, as she sat in the window, gazing out at the tower, and breathing the breath of the roses which swung at her own casement, her face took on an awed expression, and she spoke, after a time:

"Bertha, do you know sometimes I feel afraid in this solemn old house! All the neighbors hold to the unshaken belief that it is haunted; every old farmer will have a story to tell you about it. They say the dector's spirit is wandering about.

to the unshaken belief that it is haunted; every old farmer will have a story to tell you about it. They say the doctor's spirit is wandering about it, searching for his lost gold; some think that nephew who murdered him is still lurking about, living in caves, or dens, or what not, and that he visits the place whenever he dares. Ugh! the very thought makes me shiver! Fancy that demoniac young man coming in at windows of nights, and looking at us as we sleep! I'm certain, Bertha—certain, that some one was in that queer room they call the laboratory last Saturday night! I sat up reading a novel until very late, and I went to the diningroom for a glass of ice-water—about two o'clock, it must have been—and I heard a noise in there—a curious noise, which I could hardly explain; it sounded like some mysterious miser counting it sounded like some mysterious miser counting out his money!

Nonsense! You had been reading a ghoststory, I suppose."

"No; nothing worse than Jane Eyre. I did hear something, as truly as I see you now!"

"Mice running among the bottles, I sup-

"Perhaps; but I don't think it. It had a very supernatural sound, I assure you. By the way, you and Arthur keep very late hours."

"Do you call eleven o'clock 'late hours?"

"Oh, no, puss; but I happen to know better than that. I heard some one pass, in the upper hall, while I was undressing, and I was so nervous about our being haunted, that I screwed up courage to the sticking-point, and peeped out, just in time to see Arthur close his room door. It was half past two by my watch." room door. It was half past two by my watch."

"Well, I don't know what he may have
done, but mamma sent me to bed at eleven.
Perhaps he, too, had a copy of that fascinating
Jane Eyre. I have heard of its keeping several

people up until the 'wee sma' hours.'"

There was a pause, while Bertha finished off the neck of the dress and turned her attention to the sleeves. Then the younger, whose thoughts had run on in the same channel, re

"Inez often talks with me about the Doctor's missing money. She firmly believes that it is still somewhere about this house or garden; for she says her husband himself secreted it the

night before his death."

"Oh, all the world knows that the theory is, that he was followed by his nephew, who saw where the box was placed, and then resolved to get his uncle out of the way, that he alone

might enjoy the concealed riches."

"Yes, I know it. But still Inez persists in believing that he did not succeed in getting off with the gold. She says he could hardly have escaped detection had he carried so much with him. Perhaps he is still keeping watch over it, awaiting an opportunity to convey it

away."
"They have searched everywhere, even to digging up every foot of the garden."
"I know it. Still, who knows but what we may stumble over it some time? Inez is always

tigated long ago—the losse boards of the garret-floor all lifted. No, no, it's not there! I wish I could find it. I'm tired of being poor!"

"You do seem rather poverty-stricken," remarked Bertha, scanning with laughing eyes Inez' costly morning-robe, and the jewels which she wore, with southern taste, by day as well as evening."

evening."

"My cousin is generous enough; he can afford to give me what I want. But that is not all one wants money for—to buy clothes!"

"To buy a husband is it, then?" Bertha was on the point of saying, when prudence as well as delicacy checked her; she had heard that her own promised husband had been not insensible to the lady's attractions; and as she now clanced up she met a strange look in the black

The twentieth of next month."
And this is—"
The twentieth of June. Ah me! Time flies

too quickly!"
"Yes it does," assented Inez, "but a great deal can be accomplished in a month, after all."
If her tone was significant, the two girls did not notice it. Arthur Miller might have remarked it, had he been present; for he never felt quite at ease about the Spanish woman, with whose passionate nature he was only too well acquainted. Is is true she had made the first advances, since advances can be made by a look as well as a word; but he knew that she was very young, and a creature of untrained impulses, and that nothing could justify his trifling with her as he had done.

ith her as he had done.

If any one could have seen into the heart of If any one could have seen into the heart of the young man, he would have discovered that his fancy and his imagination still were held captive by the willful, spirited Cuban; that it was only the preponderance of Bertha's substantial charms which had outweighed her in the balance; but, as his love, either way, and at the best, is not worth mentioning as a motive power, we will let it pass for what it is worth. Women will love such men just as devotedly as those of deeper natures, and prize their poor, selfish preferences just as highly; and Inez felt as bitterly, as humiliated, as revengeful about the desertion of this insincere and shallow man as if his heart had been something worth retainas if his heart had been something worth retain-

You have not told me if I am to be one of the bridesmaids," she said, presently.
"But you have been married; it would

scarcely be en regle."

"No one will think of that, I am so young yet. Sophie and I will make such a fine contrast. If you say 'yes,' it must be in time for me to order a suitable dress." "Oh, do consent, Bertha! I should like it ex-

"Oh, do consent, Bertha! I should like it extremely; and, as Inez says, no one will think, at the time. We must have Lillian, too—she is so lovely!—and one more. Who shall it be?"

"I don't care," answered the bride-elect, indifferently; "only, I trust it will not be ominous to have a widow among the bridesmaids."

Again that light quivering out of Inez' eyes.

"Inez, supposing we go up in the tower-room. I've not been there since the first week we came out. The view is beautiful. I mean to have a carpet put down, and my painting and embroidery carried up there. Then I can sit there the long summer afternoons, and imagine myself long summer afternoons, and imagine myselithe Lady of Shalott, or the betrothed of a

the Lady of Shalott, or the betrothed of a troubadour who has gone to the wars."

"Better be securing some nice bona-fide beau, and leave off dreaming of troubadours," called Bertha, as the two went away, linked arm in arm, in search of the narrow, dusty stairway leading up to the "tower-room," a small, square chamber, unfurnished, save by an old map of Meredith Place, made by the surveyor of the first purchase, and hung in the tower for safekeeping and reference—this old map, a wooden settle, where those who climbed here for the view might rest themselves—and a store of old view might rest themselves—and a store of old magazines and papers, which Lillian Meredith had brought here, probably, from time to time,

had brought here, probably, from time to time, to read and muse over.

"Some one comes here, if we do not?" remarked Sophie, as they held up their delicate dresses from the dusty stairs; "here are the prints of a man's boots, going up and coming down, more than once. Possibly some of our visitors have discovered the beauties of this location. Oh, how entrancing! clouds and blue ether above us! this beautiful country below! I'm in love with this room! absolutely in love with it. I mean to live and die here. But first, I must have it cleared out! Betty shall attend to it this yery day. And to-morrow I shall bring

have it cleared out! Betty shall attend to it this very day. And to-morrow I shall bring my things here, and take up my residence."

"You don't mean to sleep here?" inquired Inex, with a shudder. "I wouldn't stay here alone for all the world."

"I'm not as superstitious as you, little darling. Still, I don't know that I care to sleep here. I can enjoy enough of my tower by daylight and sunset, I dare say. Ah, how splendid the sunset must be up here! Now, Bertha hasn't a particle of romance in her nature. But I am full of it, trifling as I appear. I could be happy here weeks at a time, without the excitement full of it, trifling as I appear. I could be happy here weeks at a time, without the excitement of any society. I do wish papa would buy Meredith Place, and make it our home altogether, in the summer season. I must coax him to do so. What does this yellow old map say? two hundred and eighty acres—and here it is, marked out, hill and dale, meadow and upland, forest and cleared fields; this pretty trout-brook where we took the geutleman the other day, you remember, and your cousin caught a trout on a hook made of a pin. I wonder if we can see it from the tower! Yes, there it is, glimmering a moment out of its there it is, glimmering a moment out of its

shadow in that field by the wood: ' I wind about, and in and out, With here a blossom sailing, And here and there a lusty trout. And here and there a grayling.

Isn't it perfect, Inez? "What?" queried her companion, with indif-rence—"the brook? I suppose so. But I on't care for such things. I wish Meredith ference—"the brook? I suppose so. But I don't care for such things, I wish Meredith Place was mine—as it should be—as it ought to be"—her voice rising with excitement as she thought of it; "I would gladly sell it to your father, and see no more of it. I don't like the country, and I don't like this place. We were so unhappy here," she exclaimed, "Lillian and I. And then to be robbed, as we were."
"You have had a great deal of trouble" re-

1. And then to be robbed, as we were."

"You have had a great deal of trouble," replied Sophie, soothingly. "It must have been so hard for you two young girls to be left helpless. I can not imagine what I would do without papa, and without any money. I suppose I should have to teach school, as Miss Meredith does; but, oh, dear, I should pity my pupils! I suppose Miss Miller was a great counter to does; but, oh, dear, I should pity my pupils! I suppose Miss Miller was a great comfort to you, in your first desolation."

"No, not to me. I detest her!"

"Why, is it possible? We all think so much

of her."
"I beg your pardon, Sophie. I forgot that her brother was to marry your sister. Lillian thinks the world of her; but I never did. She was jealous of me when I first came here; I may stumble over it some time? Inez is always looking. I have a fancy now, that it is in the very top of that tower!"

"Do be quiet, Sophie. You make me nervous."

"Here comes Inez. I was just saying, my dark-eyed darling, that perhaps your fortune lay concealed in some cobwebby nook in this old tower."

"Oh, every beam and rafter has been investigated long ago—the loose boards of the garretfloor all lifted. No, no, it's not there! I wish I

"I wish Miguel would marry you instead of Lily; then I might be induced to visit her ocasionally. I suppose, in that case, you would spend your summers here."

"How ridiculous!" cried her friend blushing, "to be greeking of such things, when he has

"to be speaking of such things, when he has never thought of me. You speak, too, as if Don Miguel had only to choose in order to be

wants money for—to buy clothes!"

"To buy a husband is it, then?" Bertha was on the point of saying, when prudence as well as delicacy checked her; she had heard that her own promised husband had been not insensible to the lady's attractions; and as she now glanced up she met a strange look in the black eyes.

"I wonder if she is Jealous," she thought, as her own eyes fell. "Arthur told me that she was, but that he had never given her any reason more than was consistent with her happiness.

"It is becoming to brunettes, and not unbecoming to dark-haired blondes, like me. Arthur likes it, and that settles the matter."

"He likes it, does he?" murmured Inez.

"Yes. This belongs to my trouss au. I shall not wear it until after the 'important occasion!"

"That will be—"

"That will be—"

"That will be—"

"The likes it, does he?" murmured Inez.

"He likes it, does he?" murmured linez.

"Below, Sophie declared it the region midway between heaven and earth where she most delighted to dwell, and made every one come up and acknowledge how charming it was.

She was not tired of talking of her tower-chamber, when Saturday evening came, and

chamber, when Saturday evening came, and with it Arthur Miller, as usual, to spend Sunday with his betrothed. There were half a dozen other guests about the tea-table, eating strawberries and cream to their hearts' content, when Sophie, sitting opposite Arthur, suddenly exclaimed in her animated way:

"I have not told you yet, of my great discov-

ery." What is that?" he asked, with his pleasant

est smile,

"Of the tower-chamber!"

His spoon fell crushing into his plate, causing all eyes to turn in his direction. His face was pale and his hand trembled, but he laughed, constrainedly, as he said "he believed he had had something resembling a sunstroke, as he walked down to the cars, and he did not feel just right yat." Bartha wanted to be environs about him. yet." Bertha wanted to be anxious about him, but he assured her the tea would be the best remedy, and when the attention he had attracted was again diverted, he said to Sophie. "What about the tower—anything new?"

"What about the tower—anything new?"
"Oh, no, nothing new—only we never discovered it before."
"Discovered what?"
"Why, how charming it is up there, of course. I shall no longer give it over to spiders and bats. I have had the chamber furbished and have taken possession in my

and furnished, and have taken possession in my own name, by right of discovery. I call i 'The Lady's Bower.'"

"Is that all?"
"I should say it was enough. Did you expect there was another continent to be divulged Since you speak so slightingly of my bower, your punishment shall be to ascend and explore nediately after tea. It is then in all its

"Arthur is fatigued. Do let the bower rest ntil to-morrow." Bertha was a little impa-

tient.

"By no means," said Arthur, quickly. "I should like nothing better than to explore it this very evening. I have been up once or twice when the doctor's family was here. The view is very fine, if I remember aright."

And as soon as they left the table he reminded Sophie of her promise, and the two went up to the tower, just then illuminated with the roseate reflections of a summer sunset.

"It is, indeed, charming. I cannot too much admire your discrimination, little sister. Oh, dear! here is the old map of the original estate—quite a curiosity! Don't disturb that, Miss Sophie; it may be of importance to purchasers sometimes."

'Oh, no! I shall not meddle with the map, said his companion, and after that, although h was warm in praise of her bower, he seeme

ready to forsake it for the company of the young lady who awaited him below, and Sophie was left to a twilight reverie in her tower-chamber. (To be continued—commenced in No. 385.)

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

Some papers still refuse to believe that the Cincinnati club games will not be counted in November next, when the pennant award is the basis of two facts, the one being that the old club team of 1877 did not pay their entry fee in time—did not pay it at all in a case of the western championship. What the ultimate issue will be is something "no feller can find out" at present. It looks the other being that the League laws prohibit a new club from entering unless they are ei ther elected at the annual meeting, or make application for membership before the begin

ning of the championship season in April.

The League Constitution says that "No club shall be admitted to membership unless it shall first have delivered to the Secretary, at least four days before the annual meeting, a written application for membership," etc. Such ap lication is to be referred to the League Board at "its annual meeting," and at such meeting

By this it will be seen that the new club cannot enter for the pennant of 1877, and we cannot see why the League accepted the entry fee from the new organization when they knew that the Constitution of the League pro hibited any new club entering the lists after April or before the annual meeting in Decem-

The victories achieved by the Brooklyn nine over the Louisvilles at their August meetings mparted new interest to the pennant race, the Brooklyns having previously been regarded as almost out of the race as far as a chance for winning the pennant was concerned. they appear to have recovered from their semi-demoralized condition of July, when they were so badly whipped out West, their recent victories over the Bostons and Louisvilles Lav-ing pulled up their record considerably. Up to Aug. 22 the record stood as follows, leaving

it the Cincinnati games:										
				GAMES L						
Louisville.										
Boston										
Brooklyn		17		18						
St. Louis										
Chicago				20						

THE INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

In this series of contests the Allegheny nine still lead, but the Tecumseh team are close behind them, and if their recent games with the Maple Leafs are to be counted, they lead. The Rochesters are third on the list, with the Buckeye and Manchester nines a tie for fourth place. The record to Aug. 22 is as follows:

CLUBS.	Allegheny	Buckeye.	Live Oak	Manchester.	Maple Leaf	Rochester	Tecumseh	Games won
Allegheny Buckeye Live Oak Manchestr Maple Leaf Rochester Tecumseh	1	4 02132	0	1 1	0 3 2	1 1 1 1 1 3	0	14 9 3 9 3 11 13
Games lost	5.	L	11	12	11	8	4	63

THE NEW YORK STATE CHAMPIONSHIP. The following is the record in this arena to

Clubs.	Auburn	Buffalo	Cricket	Brooklyn	Hornells	Rochester	Star	Games wen
Auburn	-0	1	6	0	0 2	4	0	11 2
Cricket	8	0	-	0	3	3	6	15
Brooklyn	0	0	1	-	0	2	0	3 2
Rochester	2	1	1	0	2	_	1	7
Star	6	1	0	1	0	3		11
Games lost	11	4	8	1	7	18	7	51

THE WESTERN CHAMPIONSHIP.

From the days when the old Empire Club ook the lead at St. Louis, and the Excelsiors at Chicago, to the time when the Forest Citys of Rockford came into notice, and the rivalry between the old Cincinnati and Buckeye nines roused up the West to quite a base ball furore, there has always been a desire on the part of one or the other of these Western homes of Base Ball to take the lead in the national game. Cincinnati began it in 1868 by her organization of the first Western professional club. Then came Chicago with their rival White Stocking team, followed by St. Louis with their Brown Stocking nine, and lastly by Louisville in putting their "Greys" into the field. The tour of the Nationals of Washington, in 1867, began the base ball furore in the West, and then it was that the Forest City nine of Rockford. with Spalding at their head, first attracted the attention of the base-ball world. From that day may be dated the inception of the contests for the Championship of the Western

In 1867 the famous "Red Stocking" nine of Cincinnati went through the season without sustaining a single defeat, and that, too, after encountering every prominent club nine from Maine to California. This team was in reality the first champion club of the United States as well as of the West, for the Atlantics were only champions of the Atlantic State cities,

not having traveled West until 1869. In 1870 the Chicago club was organized to defeat the rival Red Stockings of Cincinnati, and they did it, and then broke up the latter team, the Boston nine being organized from it Next to enter the lists was the St. Louis nine which began play in 1875, when they equaled the Chicago nine in regular won games in the championship series, the score of victories be ing five to five. In 1876 Chicago once more bore off the palm, their record of victories over the strong teams of St. Louis, Louisville

and Cincinnati be	eing as	follows:		
CAGO.	IS.	Louis- VILLE.	NATI.	WON.
St. Louis 6		6	7	19
Louisville1 Cincinnati0	2	2	8	4
Games lost 7	10	17	25	59

The Chicago Club not only led St. Louis in total won games by 23 to 19, but in fewer de

feats by 7 to 10. In their games together, however, the St. Louis took the lead by 6 to 4 in won games and in a supplementary series they whipped Chicago by 4 to 1. It was in this year the Louisville entered the lists for the first time as a competitor in the Western Championship arena. It is noteworthy that in 1876 and 187 Cincinnati, which was so prominent in 1869 and 1870, had to take the last seat in the class This year, while we find Chicago leading St. Louis by 8 to 4 in won games in the regular eries, Louisville thus far tops all in the strug

regards the fight between St. Louis and Chicao, taking all the games the two nines have played together since 1875, the record leaves each club credited with 19 victories, a pretty even fight for a three years' struggle.

The Buffalo Country.

BY N. C. MEEKER.

THE region now most known as the buffale ountry lies between Arkansas and the South Platte, and is 200 miles wide from north to outh and 300 miles from west to east, making a territory considerably larger than the State of New York. It includes a part of Colorado and Kansas. Although there are heavy set tlements and large towns along the base of the nountains, and although two railroads run through this buffalo land, only an extremely small portion has been explored, or even visited. The buffalo are most numerous in the winter along the South Platte, and partic ularly along the Republican, the course of is to the south-east, on a diagonal line. The buffalo come up from the south in the fall, along a northerly and southerly line, which, east of Denver, is considerably further from the moun tains than fifty miles to the north, because there are cattle ranches and some farms on various tributaries of the Republican that run nearly north.

What kind of a country it is for 200 miles on the upper waters of the Republican is un-known, for it is unexplored; but it has been gathered by a sort of tradition that, for a part of the distance, water stands in pools and timber is scarce; while lower down, say 150 miles east of the mountains, the stream is large and timber is plentiful. Here hickory, oak, maple and ash are found, and wild turkeys are abur dant. It is certain that the buffalo die here in untold thousands, possibly millions, and that Sioux, Arrapahoes and Cheyennes and some Pawnees, live here the year round, the chief attraction being the buffalo. It is to be said in favor of the Indians that they never kill more than they need, and that whatever animals they kill they dispose of entirely.

Before the Union Pacific was built, the buffalo roamed as far as the North Platte, and even to the Missouri, but now only a few cross this road, and their range terminates in the valley of the South Platte and of its tributa ries, which are small streams coming through the grassy meadows and craggy canons from the north. But there is another vast buffalo range further north, and its limits are between the North Platte and the Missouri, a space from north to south at least 300 miles wide The settlements on the west of this are scarce ly worth naming. It begins nearly 200 mile west of Omaha and Kansas city, and extends to the mountains 400 miles, and in fact to the Pacific. The buffalo region, however, is east of the Rocky Mountains, for scarcely any are found within the mountains. The Salt Lake people have, it is true, received a tradition from the Indians that once buffalo were plentiful in that country, and that they all perished one cold winter; but this is doubtful. For everywhere in the mountains there are sheltered valleys and slopes furnishing grass so that no severity of cold could have destroyed buffalo if living in that her own eyes fell. "Arthur told me that she was, but that he had never given her any reason to be—that it was her natural state of feeling toward all women save herself."

"Why do you wear amber?" cried Inez, the next moment, as if no more important thought ever crossed her mind, with a disdainful examination of the satin dress. "Do you not know that it is a color for brunettes?—my color?"

"I wonder if she is Jealous," she thought, as her own eyes fell. "Arthur told me that she admired Don Miguel not impossible that she admired Don Mi

GAMES LOST. the sufficient reason that the grass of these r gions loses its nutritious qualities by the fall rains and winter frosts, and becomes wholly unfit for sustaining life. Hence it may be said, with almost positive certainty, that the buffalo region, as it now exists, has been unchanged in character and limits for centuries, and that so far as the range itself is concerned. it will remain unchanged; those on the east are only found in Eastern Dakota. So that here is a buffalo region 300 miles broad and 600 miles long, where millions upon millions are to-day feeding, and where they are likely long to r main. Beyond the Missouri is still another range, longer and broader, reaching into British America, and extending far toward McKenzie's River.

But when the valleys of the Arkansas, the Republican, the Platte and the Missouri shall be settled, the buffaloes will be deprived of water, and their extinction will be inevitable -not for want of food, for this always must emain, but for want of water, unless some especial provision shall be made. There are, owever, many springs and small streams between these rivers, which always must be remote from settlements, and here the buffalo may linger long, unless ranchmen seek them out, as they are likely to do, as head-quarters for cattle ranches.

Considerable is said about the wanton destruction of the buffalo, but this is probably much less now than it was ten years ago, when thousands upon thousands of teams traversed the valleys of the Platte, the Smoky Hill, and the Arkansas, and when the slaughter was great. Now that all travel is done by rail, two lines being completed and another nearly so, only a few hunters, comparatively, enter upon the feeding-grounds, and the increase of uffalo must be greater than it has been since the days when the Indians occupied the whole ountry, at which time these animals occupied all that part of Colorado now settled, and a wide border besides, that is, a country 300 miles long and 100 to 150 miles wide.

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ON SOME MORE HASH.

BY JOB JOT, JR.

Immortal dish the proud Egyptian queen
Placed on the royal board
With all rare viands stored
At that far festal scene
And made the Roman Antony to bow
In homage at her feet!
A plate of this here sweet
And complicated involutionary meat
And onions sits before me now.

Another spoonful to inspire my soul!
Food of the gods, by fairy hand
Stolen from the Peleian board, where, cheek by
Were ranged the gods in banquet grand;
And handed down to later time
Delictous and sublime
To make the cheapest boarder's heart
Each morning thrill and start
To see it put upon the table hot
And steaming from the pot—
He welcomes thee with smiles. Why net?

How regular it comes! How regular it comes!
Not with great pomp and roar of drums.
The good landlady silently steals in
Like some good angel unawares
And sets it down the last, and lifts the tin:—
Transported boarder flends pitch in

And lose your cares! And lose your cares!

How has this good dish been maligned By folks of little mind,
Who seem in it to find
Commodities unfit for food.
Maligned—misunderstood!
They are zhouis, poor souls,
And they live upon the rolls
Of the hostess—and her scrolls,
Depending for their board and bunk
On stuffed valise and brick-filled trunk,
And they show how they were reared
By getting in arrear I'm afeared,
And after demolishing the hash
As a substitute for cash,
Its reputation smash. Its reputation smash.

What the conglomerates of this dish For which the boarders wish? They can't say there is nothing in it. Stop a minute, and we will hold post-mortem

Examination and assort 'em: Foundation strata meats, Examination and assort em.

Foundation strata meats,
Choice bits
Economized from supper;
They might be somewhat tougher;
Little bits of mutton stewed;
Little strips of beefsteak chewed;
Odds of ham and veal and ends of bone
To give it tone;
The whole recooked.
It is not rash to say all flesh is hash.
Potatoes and chicken knuckles;
Signs that they had looked
In the wrong place for the shoe-buckles;
Evidence that the piece of lace
Got rather out of place;
Assurances at most
The hooks and eyes there were not wholly lost;
Hairs carefully p cked out,
And flies effectually removed
As if they'd never been about;
And glorious onions!

And yet the average boarders grow!

And yet the average boarders growl Over the smoking bowl!

Ah, could they ask more in it, say?
Should they repeat it
They should be sent away
And never be allowed to eat it.

The Flyaway Afloat:

OR. YANKEE BOYS 'ROUND THE WORLD.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "YANKEE BOYS IN CEYLON, "CAMP AND CANOE," "ROD AND RIFLE," THE SEAL HUNTERS," ETC.

A STRANGE ABDUCTION-ON THE COAST OF BORNEO.

They had left Rona at the house of Captain Finney, in charge of his wife, who had taken a violent fancy to the Cingalese girl, and promised to guard her carefully.

The first day was pleasantly spent in wandering about the city, and noting the objects of interest, strange to any one who has never seen the Cover City of Lays, and in hyprice goal. the Queen City of Java, and in buying small articles of Chinese and Japanese manufacture. Captain Dave had given Rona plenty of money,

and woman-like, she enjoyed spending it.

The Irish lady, like all her warm-hearted race, could not make enough of the beautiful

race, could not make enough of the beautiful girl. They could talk to one another of their absent husbands, and speak of their goodness, and so there was a feeling in common.

On the evening of the second day they were seated in the handsome parlor of the private residence of Captain Finney, situated not far from the cathedral, when a rap came at the door and a servant entered. He was a "broth of a boy." a true son of the "gem of the say." of a boy," a true son of the "gem of the say," who occupied a sort of confidential position in the family of Captain Finney.
"Sure, misthress," he said, "av ye must know it, there's some diviltry afut."

'What do you mean, Patrick?" asked Mrs.

Sure that devil Nader has been here twice the day to find out if the captain w'u'd be back the night, an' I tould him if any wan asked him sure he could say he asked me, an' I wouldn't tell

him."
"That was right, Patrick. I have no confidence in the man, and Captain Finney believes that he is in league with Tonan Mai. Keep a good watch, and do not allow any one to come

Pat made a rude bow and went away, taking up a thick stick which he had placed outside the door, and twirling it in his fingers with a delighted laugh. At the hall door he met Mary O'Toole, a fellow servant, who had an empty

plate in her hand.
"Pat, alannah," she said, "sure something is wrong wid Tiger."
"Why is that, acushla?"

"Why is that, acushla?"

"Sure I gave him some mate, an' he only looks at it and won't touch it."

Pat hurried out to the kennel, where Tiger, a beautiful English bull-dog, who was kept chained through the day, was lying upon the straw of his box. As he looked up, Pat saw that his eyes were injected with blood and that he had hardly power to raise his head.

"Arrah, Tiger, Tiger me boy!" said Pat, lay.

hardly power to raise his head.

"Arrah, Tiger, Tiger me boy!" said Pat, laying his hand upon the head of the dog. "Mavourneen, phat is the matter wid ye?"

The dog feebly licked the hand of the Irish-The dog feebly licked the hand of the Irishman, gave a sort of sob, stretched out his limbs

man, gave a sort of sob, stretched out his limbs upon the straw, and lay silent. Pat laid his hand upon him and found that the heart had stopped beating. The noble dog was dead!

The howl that Pat set up at this loss was loud enough to be heard in the house, and he came in, lugging the body in his arms.

They laid the animal upon the kitchen floor, and used every remedy which they could think of, but it was of no avail.

"Oh, the divil fly away wid Nader!" evied

Oh, the divil fly away wid Nader!" cried the divil fly away wid Nader!" cried the dog; "I'll lay me life

Bate him av ye are sure, Pat," suggested Mary.

"I've got something else to think of now," replied Pat. "Take him out to the kennel while I run to the misthress, Mary dear."

Mrs. Finney looked grave when Pat reported the misfortune, but she knew that there were many records in Jury who feared the dog and

the misfortune, but she knew that there were many people in Java who feared the dog, and any of the importunate beggars of Batavia, who had been driven away by fear of him, might have done the cowardly deed.

"It may mean mischief, and it may not, Pat. Lock all the doors and mount guard, and remember that no one is to enter here to-night, unless you know just who it is, and have reported to me first."

Pat went away again and obeyed orders. He got down his gun and loaded it with great care, muttering curses upon the head of Nader, whom he still belived to be the cause of this misfortune. But the night wore on, and nothing was heard to give them any cause for alarm.

Sender young of officer, with very sharp black got the wood, coorly watched wagon after wagon go into park on the edge of the wood, coorly watched wagon after wagon go into park on the edge of the wood, coorly watched wagon after wagon go into park on the edge of the wood, coorly watched wagon after wagon go into park on the edge of the wood, coorly watched wagon after wagon go into park on the edge of the wood, coorly watched wagon after wagon go into park on the edge of the wood, coorly watched wagon after wagon.

At an early hour of the evening the ladies had retired to Mrs. Finney's room, where they were to pass the night together. Each put on a light wrapper and were seated at the window, when behind each arose a shadowy form, and something was thrown over their heads which made crying out impossible. Then the lights went out and all was silent in the room.

Next morning the house was in confusion. An

crying out impossible. Then the lights went out and all was silent in the room.

Next morning the house was in confusion. An alarm went through Batavia that Captain Finney's lady and the wife of Captain Sawyer had been abducted, but how or by whom it was impossible to say. The Irishman was wild with grief, and declared that he had not left the hall during the night, and that no alarm had been raised. The window, which opened upon the lawn, was examined, and showed below it the marks of feet, which passed from thence through the back of the grounds to the next street, where all trace was lost. A watchman declared that about eleven o'clock a party had left the grounds by the back gate, but he had not noticed anything suspicious in their movements. One of them he had recognized as Nader, but he knew that the man came often to Captain Finney's house, and thought nothing of his presence there.

The search was commenced at once, and began at Nader's house, but that worthy person had

his presence there.

The search was commenced at once, and began at Nader's house, but that worthy person had not been seen since early in the evening. His servants knew nothing about him, but said that he was in the habit of leaving home without giving any reason for his absence. One of them, upon being closely questioned, admitted that two strangers had come to the house that afternoon, dark-faced men, who, although they were dressed as Javanese, looked more like Malays. These men had remained at the house, and Nader had gone out twice. The third time when he went out, the men went with him, and none he went out, the men went with him, and none of them had returned.

of them had returned.

While the search was at its hight, the hunting party came dashing home at full speed. Some of them had foundered the horses which they rode, and bought others upon the route; but they came too late. The Parsee was with them, and he betrayed no surprise when he heard the

news.

"Let your hearts be strong, oh sahibs," he adjured. "This is the hand of Tonan Mai and Nader. The brotherhood of the serpent strike in secret, and rarely miss their mark. If you seek for those you have lost seek for them upon

the sea."
"Upon the sea! In that limitless expanse
"Upon the sea! for them?" groaned Richard where shall we look for them?" groaned Richard Wade.

"If Tonan Mai has taken them, I can guide you on the way. The Captain Sahib has a ship. Lee us take it and search for the lost."

Lee us take it and search for the lost."

His opinion was quickly confirmed. An English armed trader, coming into port in a partially disabled condition, reported that they had been attacked by a Malay pirate within ten leagues of the coast. By a lucky shot they had so disabled the pirate that he gave up the contest, and stood away toward the coast of Borneo. He showed as his colors a green flag with a black center.

with a black center.

"I have said it," said the Parsee. "It is the flag of Tonan Mai, and he has taken the women. Let us waste no time."
All saw that this was the only hope, and in an

All saw that this was the only hope, and in an hour's time, having taken on board twenty marines, under command of Captain Finney, the Flyaway sailed. Scarcely had they cleared the coast when there arose one of those fearful storms which sweep these seas, and before which they were obliged to run. When the storm broke they were not far from the coast of Borneo, and kept on their course, knowing that such a storm would drive the proa of the Malay pirate before it, if indeed it did not sink her. In an hour the coast rose black and grim before them, and changing their course, they stood up them, and changing their course, they stood up the coast, searching it with their glasses. Ten leagues to the south of Labuan Captain Dave,

leagues to the south of Labuan Captain Dave, who was anxiously watching the coast, uttered a loud cry of joy.
"There is a proa ashore," he cried; "and, by George, that is Tonan Mai's flag fluttering from the broken mast."

the broken mast."

The proa had been beached upon the coast, evidently driven there by the storm, and the schooner at once stood in closer. A short distance above they found an inlet, and ran in. An armed party was quickly on shore, and leaving only barely enough to take charge of the schooner, they advanced on a run, and soon reached the wreck, for a wreck it was. The Malay had the beach head on and the bottom rushed upon the beach head on, and the bottom was completely torn out of the proa, leaving her past all hope of repair. And, tangled in the solintered bulwark, was a lace vail, which Sawyer caught up with a cry of delight, and

pressed fo his lips.

"It is Rona's vail!" he said. "Captain Finey, by the help of God we will save them ret."

They were upon the right track; and calling to the front the Parsee, who knew the ground well, they at once took up the trail. (To be continued—commenced in No. 390.)

Tales Worth Telling.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

CURELY'S SCOUT

NEARLY seventy years ago, France was the first nation of Europe, and Napoleon was in the zenith of his glory and success. There are some men still alive that remember those times; and lmost all of us saw more or less of Napole eterans when we were children. Many a dash ing and romantic deed was done by unknown soldiers during Napoleon's wars, now forgotten in the luster of the great battles, but well worth telling of to-day; and I have thought it may interest some of the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL to hear some of them. We will begin with the remarkable expedition of Captain Cure y, of which but very few people have ever leard, but which was full of romance. In the summer of 1809, when Napoleon over-

ran Austria for the third time and besieged Vi enna, a part of his army was in Italy, under Eugene Beauharnais, the French Emperor's stepson, slowly following the Austrians, who were retiring to the north under the Archduke Charles. They were in Lombardy, as the north-ern part of Italy was then called, and General Colbert commanded a brigade of cavalry in the

advance of the French army.

It was a clear still morning, just before sunrise, and thousands of little twinkling points, scattered over the landscape, revealed themselves as the camp-fires of the French army. A group of white tents, the only ones in sight were the head-quarters of the advance cavalry or the French only allowed tents to those su erior officers who were obliged to consult re-which required shelter. The sleepers round fires were beginning to stir about, and the low hum of conversation was increasing every mo-ment, while the long lines of cavalry horses were pawing the ground impatiently at the picket ropes, and whinnying for their morning feed Around the head-quarters all was still silent. dismounted sentry was pacing slowly up and down in front of the general's tent, when the regular muffled beats of a horse at a gallop were suddenly heard, and a mounted orderly dashed up to head-quarters, and pulled up in front of the

neral's tent. 'General Colbert's quarters?'' he asked

"Ay, ay," said the sentry, a little gruffly, for he felt chilly. "Any orders?" "Yes, from the viceroy," said the orderly, swinging himself from the saddle. "Rouse him up, chasseur. They are marked immediate." The sentry knocked at the tent door, and be-

fore he had time to speak, out stepped a tall, slender young officer, with very sharp black

me the orders," he said, curtly; and the orderly obeyed, saluting.

The young aide disappeared into the tent, where a stern, gray-headed old officer was sitting up in his camp-bed, listening.

"Orders from the viceroy, general."

The general opened the big envelope, with its red seal and ran it over hastily.

"Ha—um—very good—certainly," he muttered. "Here, Curely, a little work for you, my boy. His highness orders me to send a trustworthy officer, with a hundred men, to reconnoiter the Austrian march, and find whether they are retiring on Venice or into the Tyrol. Take Guerin's squadron, and be off. Report to me to-morrow morning. Good-by."

Take Guerin's squadron, and be off. Report to me to-morrow morning. Good-by."

And the old general threw him the order, turned over, and went to sleep again; for it was one of his fixed principles never to get up till his column was ready to move.

Curely never smiled. He merely saluted, turned on his heel, and left the tent. He knew he was going on a difficult and dangerous duty, but the general trusted him so implicitly that he felt the very going to sleep as a compliment.

Half an hour later, the early rays of the sun shone on long lines of stamping horses, eating their corn and switching away the flies, while the cavalry soldiers were brushing and scraping with great diligence, and the clicking of curry combs and brushes was incessant. Through the midst of the lines, a small compact column of combs and brushes was incessant. Through the midst of the lines, a small compact column of horsemen, three abreast, was trotting gently out toward the dim vail of smoke in the distance, that told of the Austrian outposts. "Hilloa, Curely, whither bound?" asked the captain of a horse battery, as the column passed him, headed by the lithe, nervous-looking young

Who knows?" he answered. "Perhaps to "Who knows?" he answered. "Perhaps to Vienna, perhaps to Naples. Au revoir."
"You won't get much out of Curely when he's under orders," remarked another officer, as the column trotted by. "He keeps a close mouth, but he thinks—morbleu, how he thinks! You'll hear of him before very long."
And so they did, as we shall, too.
Meantime Curely, at the head of his little column of horse, had passed the furthest camp, and come out behind the line of outposts which stretched far out in front of the cavalry toward

stretched far out in front of the cavalry toward the Austrians. The country was flat and mono-tonous, full of rich fields, winding roads, little villages scattered around, while patches of wood here and there prevented anything like an ex-

tensive view.

The faint line of blue smoke in the distance told of the Austrian army, but not a soul was to be seen on their outposts. Curely's task was to find out where they were going, and it was by no means easy. As soon as he found himself behind the French line of outposts, the young captain turned sharp to the right, and rode straight away behind the line at a quick trot, followed by the troopers. His men were all picked chasseurs, wearing the same rich dress as himself. A black fur busby, dark green jacket and pelisse barred with black, tight breeches and Hessian boots, saber, carbine and pistols to each Hessian boots, saber, carbine and pistols to each man, low, sturdy horses, with a single day' forage slung at the saddle, such was the appear

ance of Curely's little troop, seventy years ago.

Pretty soon they had passed the last outpost
on the right, and struck out into the solitary
fields, which looked as silent, once the army was
passed, as if the country had been stricken with

For at least half an nour after leaving the army, Curely kept his trot, till he nad crossed a number of fields and entered a quiet, shady road, sheltered with trees on both sides, and marked with old, faint ruts that told of infre-

As soon as he reached this road, he turned As soon as he reached this road, he turned into it, and followed it at an easy walk, in silence, for some time. Ordinarily he was quite a fluent talker, but this day he was unusually silent, and the officer of the squadron found it impossible to extract a word from him. He impossible to extract a word from him. The was constantly glancing nervously into the openings between the trees far ahead, as if watching for something. There was very little conversation in the column behind, moreover. The men knew they were away from their own army, and soldiers are very much like sheep, this of transpendence.

army, and a strange place.

At last Curely nodded his head sharply, as something caught his eye. Compressing his lips, he exclaimed, "I thought so!" and his face

captain Guerin laughed a little sulkily.
Captain Guerin laughed a little sulkily.
"You've had time enough to think, I should say. Not a word to be got out of you for the Where are we going, if the question Curely turned to him,

We are going to visit "I can tell you now. We are going the Archduke Charles at his quarters Guerin stared. Then he burst out laughing. "Well, they call you a dare-devil, Curely, but I think that will puzzle even you. How do

you propose to get there?"
"Listen," said Curely, in a low tone. "Look over to our left front. Do you see those white

Guerin peered under his hand in the direction indicated, and exhibited traces of excitement.
"By heavens! it is the enemy's wagon train!
But you can't surely intend to attack it with this handful."

Not a bit of it. My orders are to find where the Austrians are going, and no one can tell us that but their general. You see their patrolling is slack. We are quite outside all their flankers, and they have not seen us. I intend to go into camp with them to-night. Headquarters are arre to be near the wagon train. Let us trot."

As he spoke he quickened his pace and the lit tle column trotted on for another half-hour, till they had placed at least a dozen miles between themselves and their morning bivouac. The road they followed diverged from the line of march pursued by the distant wagon train, and led them at last to a small Italian village, where their arrival produced a great panic. Currode into the place full gallop before any could escape, and had it surrounded with his men while the inhabitants were still huddled on the village green. There he saw in front of the village inn, two cavalry horses with the Aus-trian eagle on their trappings.

As soon as the villagers found that the new-comers were French, they laid aside their fears, for they had always favored their allies as much as they hated the Germans. A few words from Curely, followed by the clink of gold, and the two Austrian riders were pulled out of the inn, proving to be Hungarian hussars, who had wan-dered off, intending to plunder and desert, end-

ing by falling into the enemy's hands.

A few close questions, enforced by the sight of a cocked pistol, and the prisoners told where they had heard that Austrian head-quarters were to be fixed that night-a small village about twelve miles from where they then were Curely engaged one of the principal villagers as a guide, and started off at the same rapid pace, taking the prisoners with him. In less than two hours he was in full sight of the promised vil-lage, where not an Austrian had yet arrived. The village was very small, containing not more than twenty houses, surrounded by vine-

yards, and a wide, bare-looking sandy plair thinly covered with coarse grass, made an undiscovered approach quite impracticable. This plain was about three-quarters of a mile wide, and Curely halted in a thick wood at its edge, in the middle of the afternoon. Then he hid away all his men in the thickets, cautioning them to silence, and the most difficult part of his task was over. He was all alone, undiscovered, full in the rear of the Austrian army, having circled round them successfully.

No sooner were his men settled comfortably feeding their horses, than the dust of the Austrian trains began to become visible, and Curely hiding at the edge of the wood, coolly watched

"I am General Colbert's aide-de-camp. Give me the orders," he said, curtly; and the orderly obeyed, saluting.

The young aide disappeared into the tent, where a stern, gray-headed old officer was sitting up in his camp-bed, listening.

"Orders from the viceroy, general."

The general opened the big envelope, with its red seal and ran it over hastily.

"Ha—um—very good—certainly," he muttered. "Here, Curely, a little work for you, my boy. His highness orders me to send a trustworthy officer, with a hundred men, to reconnoiter the Austrian march, and find whether men knew what had happened, they found them-selves prisoners and tied to trees. Then, giving the word, all the chasseurs led out their horses, mixed up with the cattle, and walked boldly to-ward the village in the gloom. The ruse was perfectly successful. Without exciting a breath of distrust, they entered the village, and Curely advanced right up to the little inn where the archduke was quartered, as if he belonged there,

archduke was quartered, as if he belonged there, and peered in at the ground floor window. Three generals were at a table, covered with papers. Then a rough hand seized Curely, as the archduke's sentry spluttered out:

"Gott in himmel! what are you doing?"
Curely, like a flash, shot the man dead, and at the signal, his chasseurs leaped on their horses, and began to shoot in all directions. Curely dashed into the general's room firing a second and began to shoot in all directions. Curely dashed into the general's room, firing a second pistol into the midst of the group, smashing the window as he went, and followed by Guerin, also firing. With singular haste and unanimity the Austrian generals tumbled out of the door, shouting for help, as Curely swept every paper from the table in a bunch, and escaped as he had entered unharmed.

had entered, unharmed. had entered, unharmed.

In another minute he and his men were galloping down the street and back to their own army, amid a perfect Babel of confusion, quite unmolested. In five minutes they were back in the wood, amid perfect quiet, for the Austrian cavalry was all unsaddled, and so demoralized as to be unable to organize a successful pursuit.

Curely, without having lost man or horse, trotted off up the road he had come, and was rewarded, in an hour more, by the sight of the French watchfires, glittering to the right, not a

Before midnight, he and his general were laughing over his successful scout, and inspecting the written orders of the archduke, which Curely had snatched so cleverly. He had found where the Austrians were going, and had settled the whole plan of a campaign by his daring and subtlety.

(To be continued.)

What it Meant.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

A RUINOUS old mill, with the sunset throw ing a lurid gleam over its moldy sides and moss-grown roof, and two young men facing each other in the full stream of the crimson light where it fell from a wide aperture in the western wall. Outside, a decaying platform overhung the river, dark, rapid and deep, in one quiet eddy of which a cork danced and floated idly on the waves.

One of those confronting faces was stamped with horror and grief unspeakable; the other sneering, demoniacal, exulting, murderous.

"Your own last freak has sealed your doom I tell you now that I have always hated you with all my heart. Do you need to ask why Because you had it in your power to shower benefits upon me—because you were planning to balk me of all I have schemed for years to possess, and because the whim which induced you to make your will in Alma Erruth's favor, has left the way clear for me to get both the girl I love and the fortune I have envied you. when the slight impediment of your life is removed from the way. She is in love with you now, and she has no great liking for me, but women have been in worse humors wooed; this woman shall find herself easily won.

Thus Felix Rath, pouring forth the bitterness which had festered in his evil heart, revealing himself in all his hideous moral deformity to Elmer Noble, who had held him as his dearest friend. The stupor of horror which had bound the latter so far, broke.

Heaven preserve her from such a fate. Heaven will defeat your villainous purpose; it will never be permitted you to do this terrible

crime. "Will it not? We shall soon see how far

Heaven will interfere.' Quick as a flash his arm went up, and the heavy cane he carried descended with a dull thud upon the other's head. The force of the blow sent Noble staggering backward through the aperture and out upon the tottering plat-The rotten timbers swayed, creaking dismally, and then gave way. There was confused scene for a moment of the black water stirred and agitated by the debris from the midst of which a white, deathlike face gleamed forth and then was struck downward

by a falling beam. Rath, peering down, to make sure that his victim had not escaped him, saw it all.

"If he had the strength of Sampson he could not get out with all that weight pinning him down," he muttered, as he turned away.

'He is gone, and my way is clear." And below, the cork on the pool bobbed up and down and disappeared, and after an interval came to the surface again, as the finny prize fought its battle with hook and glittering bait and made its escape for lack of the angler's skillful hand.

"Our poor friend is dead, Alma, To think otherwise is only to hope against hope. You know as well as I how the dread of some im pending evil hung over him; you know it drove him to what is a strange step for so young a man to take-the making of his will, and settling of all his worldly affairs. You know, also, what I am forced to believe, that in one of his desponding moods he destroyed himself. What else could his solemn charge to me have meant?"

You have told me what that was, Mr. Rath. 'If anything happens, see that Alma's future is assured as I have provided for it Tell her not to grieve too much, and may Heaven bless her when she makes another and a better choice, as I would wish her to do Those were his very words?"

"His very words," assented Rath. "It was the misfortune of his gloomy nature to be always assailed by doubts. It would be use less to follow the course of reasoning which may have driven him to his unhappy fate. As his executor I am bound to carry out the conditions of his will, and at the same time obey his latest charge. And, Alma, Alma! listen to my love, hopeless while he lived. Your grief is my grief too, my love, and all my life will be too short to show you the depth of my de-

He rose from his chair and came toward her as he uttered that passionate appeal, but with sudden uplifting of her hands Alma waved

She, too, arose him back. For the first time he observed the glitter of xcitement strongly repressed which was in

her face, radiant now with a look he could not understand, and called softly, "Elmer, love!"
And, as if her voice had power to pierce beyond the grave, Elmer Noble stood before

Was it Elmer? What did this mean? Rath drew his breath hard, ice-cold drops started out upon his forehead as he stared in terror and doubt that resolved itself into certainty as the other spoke.

"Do you need any further answer, Felix! Need I say that while I live, I will relieve you of all further trouble regarding either my future bride or the disposal of my wealth? assured.'

Rath, with a cry of rage and disappoint-

ment, started forward. "Who are you?" he demanded. "Not Elmer Noble; that I know. Alma, you cannot be so deceived. This fellow is an impostor, like him indeed, but no more Noble than am.

"Then I would be reft of all nobility indeed," responded the other with provoking coolness. Then sternly, "Go your way, and remember that a blow upon the head and a plunge in the river do not always kill, my friend.

Livid, gasping, baffled yet unconvinced, Rath made a final appeal.

"Alma, can you acknowledge this fellow in Elmer's stead?" Her calm gaze met his steadily. "I know

him to be Elmer. As if I could be deceived."
"And one might not think it wise of you, of all men, to doubt my identity," cut in her companion grimly. But, doubt it Rath did, and in the long

watches of the night which followed he stud-ied out an explanation of all which seemed most mysterious to him first. This man who called himself by Noble's name knew all that had transpired at the mill that fatal evening he had been there, an unsuspected witness of his crime. He was making use of his knowledge for his own ends, but he, Rath, would not be outdone by a scheming villain like himself. The same means which had proved successful in the other's hands might win for him yet.

When he presented himself at Miss Erruth's house again he was refused admission. A week had not gone by until he learned that a quiet marriage was on the tapis there, and with all the bitterness of his vindictive nature he followed the course he had already decided On the morning of the wedding day he was

there again, with a companion this time and forced his way past the hesitating servant as one who had a right. He sent a penciled denand to Alma, which she answered by appear-

ing upon Noble's arm.
"You would not believe my word regarding this impostor. I have brought you proof. Perkins, my man, tell your story to this lady as you have already told it to me.'

Perkins was a most disreputable specimen of the genus tramp by his look, and thus adjured, he repeated his lesson with glib and thorough hardihood. He had been fishing from the bank opposite the mill, had witnessed the altercation of two men within the structure, had seen one strike the other a blow, and fling him, along with the falling platform, into the river. The man before him was the murderer; he was ready to swear to it, and for proof, why there was the body yet at the bottom of the river.

"And ugly business as it is," resumed Rath, must be arrested on his bridal morn. You need not look about you with the thought of escape, sir; there are officers without, prepared to take you in charge.'

"First let me rectify one slight mistake you have made," said the person addressed, with admirable coolness. "I am not the principal intended for this happy occasion; allow me to present to you the bridegroom, Elmer Noble, in all reality." He threw open a door as he spoke, disclosing

the wasted, shadowy semblance of one whose identity Rath could not doubt. A figure reduced by illness and suffering, with bandaged forehead, and reproachful eyes turned upon that false friend and would-be murderer. "That will do," resumed the speaker as Alma left his arm and flitted away to the real Elmer's side, while all Rath's brazen effrontery was not

enough to sustain him in the face of this unforeseen event. "We have got the better of

your game, Mr. Rath, and the sooner you get ut of this with that wretched tool of yourshis face will hang him yet, I say it as a prophecy—the better it will be for you. They slunk away at his bidding, an equally despicable and thoroughly disgusted pair. Who was the pseudo-Noble, do you ask? In

after years Mr. and Mrs. Noble numbered among their most intimate friends a certain well-known actor who was thoroughly conversant with that affair. This was the true angler of that day who had rescued Elmer, and assumed the role when Rath's persecution of Alma promised to grow unendurable, and while his victim was still so evenly balanced between life and death that there was no telling which way the scale would turn.

BISHOP Haven, speaking of his trip to Africa, represents the Christian people as the only ones who undress when they go to bed.

"HAVE I not a right to be saucy, if I please?" asked a young lady of an old bachelor. if you please, but not if you displease."

A WICKED man killed himself in the lowest level of a Nevada mine, and the account says: Thus his alleged soul was saved over half a mile of transportation.'

WHAT'S in a name? The Heathen Chinee in San Francisco have a society called "The Man sion of Divine Bliss Bone Company of the Golden Mountains. No artist, however skiliful, has ever yet been able to catch the expression of a mother's

face while carrying her infant home from a baby show at which the little darling did not get the prize. A PARISIAN novelty is a tremendous cuff stud for gentlemen's wear. It gives in microscopic figures a date for day and month up to

the end of the century we live in, and is called a perpetual almanac WILL the "Sweet By and By" (asks an ex-

change) ever grow out of favor? We have it as a hymn, it makes a beautiful cornet solo, it is often served out as a waltz, and we hear it